THE BYSTANDER
Vol CXX.—No. 1556
OCTOBER 11, 1933
Registered as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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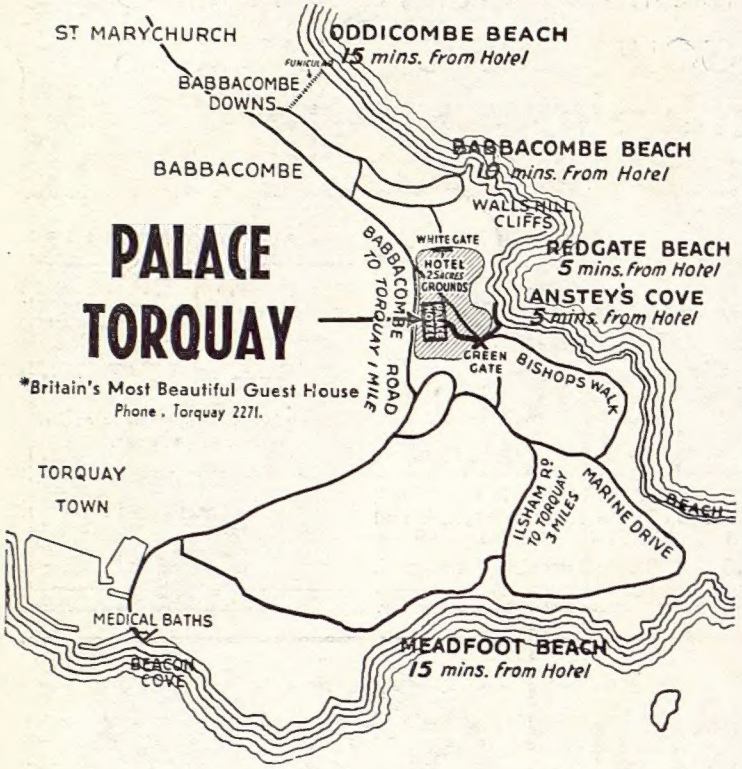

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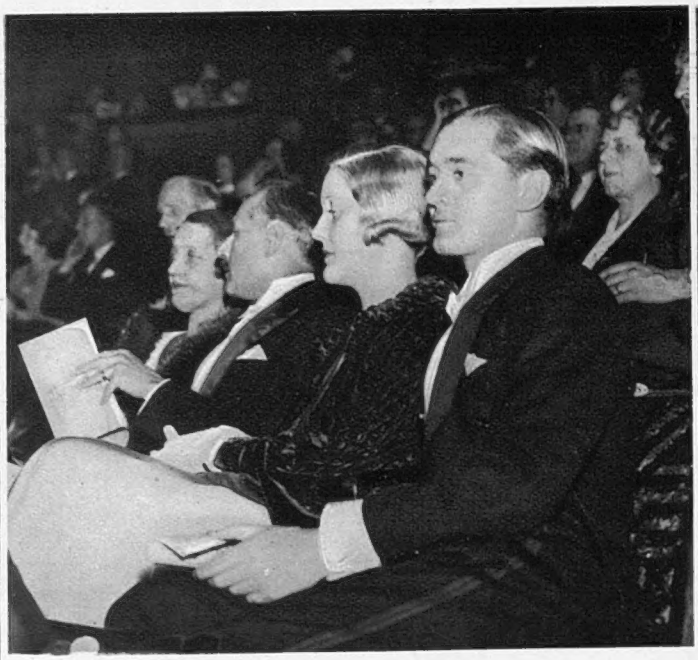
The BYSTANDER

LADY PEEL

The latest portrait of Beatrice Lillie, wearing the latest Glengarry cap. She is going to appear in a new Charlot production called "Please," which is due in London before long. Her only other appearance since she came back from America was at the Monseigneur, some months ago, so it's time her English friends had a chance of being amused again by her inimitable singing and miming. She is the wife of Sir Robert Peel, and has a son of thirteen

Photograph by Cannons of Hollywood

Mr. George McCorquodale, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale, and the Hon. Enid Lawson-Johnston, Lord and Lady Luke of Pavenham's third daughter, were married last week at All Souls', Langham Place



The Duchess of Marlborough, M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness, and Mr. Dane Tree watching Josephine Baker on the first night of the new revue at the Prince Edward Theatre

Quaglino's fourth birthday-party and all the "faces" were there, Stourton, who still has to wear a party with Mlle. Sylvia Re

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT

News for "Les Boys"

LET us announce the arrival in London of **"Les Girls."** Think of this, lonely bachelors—twenty-five New York lovelies cast in our midst! The return of the Piccadilly "Johnny" is imminent, the gardenia age looks like coming back. Make the acquaintance of Sandra Rambeau, Betty Sundmark, Hilda Knight, Billy Greene, and the rest, and thank Clifford Whitley for his enterprise in bringing them over, and Lord Milford Haven for helping on the selection committee. Mayfair wives have already "cautioned" their husbands, country ones who come up to buy their habits leave hubbies at home with the dogs and horses. Have already heard the disgruntled ones exclaim: "Well, I don't think they're so very pretty, and have you heard them *talk*?" But remember that the poor little dears are talking American.

Matrimonial

A wonderful week for weddings. The lorgnette brigade have been well to the fore in the congregations, Bishops have had a heavy week officiating. Those of Buckingham and St. Albans married **Mr. George McCorquodale** to **Miss Enid Lawson-Johnston** at All Souls', Langham Place. So many Lawson-Johnstons were present that they were squeezed into the church like beef into Bovril (the old family business).

Lord Willoughby de Broke and **Miss Rachel Wrey** cemented their week-end aërien romance at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There were grown-up bridesmaids, train-bearers, a reception at Sunderland House, lent by Captain Arundel Clarke. He is the decorator and Devonian, whence come the Wrey family. Pleased to note Baroness Profumo with her two daughters among the guests, also Mrs. Caversham-Simonds and Miss Fairfax-Lucy.

Lady Susan Egerton had a rather small wedding to **Mr. J. M. Askew**, owing to being married at Melrose, in Scotland. As a daughter of the Ellesmere family, perhaps the parents were nervous of "gate-crashers," had it been a big London social event.

The Bishop of London gave the address at the wedding of **Mr, Ian Akers-Douglas** and **Miss Joan Toms.**

Other ecclesiastical news unavoidably held over till next week, owing to missing the train to Gloucester for the Diocesan Conference.

The Play

In the theatrical world **Josephine Baker** tried to impress us at the Prince Edward Theatre. Understand no truth in the rumour that a box had been reserved on opening night (by cable) by Mr. Phineas MacIntosh, late of Bechuanaland; also did not notice among floral tributes one from Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans (of the Broke). Hope Josephine more successful in cabaret at the Café de Paris.

Martin Harvey in *The Bells*, at the Savoy Theatre, gives fine performance; Irving-ites almost nod approval, others are frankly thrilled; one can hear pins dropping all over the theatre in the dream scene.

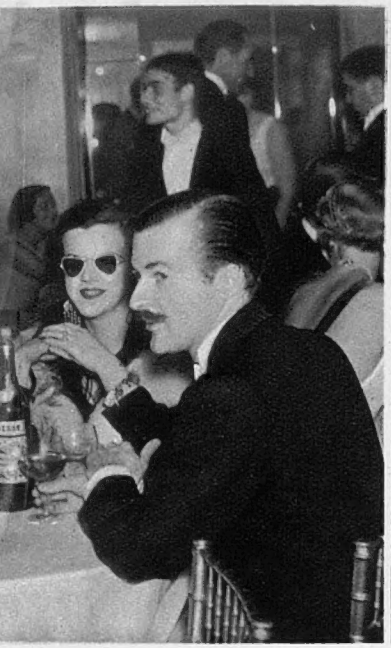
Ball-room News

Two other features of the Little Season are about due to begin: charity balls and hunt balls. Am able to announce that, as arranged at the "at home" at the Dorchester on Tuesday, for the **Georgian Ball** on November 7th, a new note is being struck: there will be a procession of Georgian beauties in a pageant; Miss Peggy Gordon Moore will lead the procession as Princess Charlotte, and Lady Anne Rhys will represent "The Exquisite Perdita."

The **Suffolk Hunt** open the ball season on November 3rd with a hop at the Athenæum (Bury St. Edmunds, not Pall Mall).

There should be a cheery evening, too, at the Salon de Danse, Northampton, when the **Pipewell Foot-Beagles Hunt** has its dance

Mr. Hugh Thompson, of Tudor Cottage, Godalming, and Miss Anita Carton de Wiart, the daughter of Major-General Carton de Wiart, V.C., and Countess Ricky Carton de Wiart, announced their engagement a week or two ago, and were snapshotted in London last week



Sasha

one of the supper dates of last week, familiar as usual: Miss Jeanne de Oliveira and Mr. Peter Stewart dark glasses all the time, was in

Sasha

Miss Katherine Horlick and Mr. Peter Wagg were in a party at Quaglino's on the same night ; it was given by Mrs. Somerset Maugham, and Miss Lisa Maugham, the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine, and Mr. Francis Riccardo were in it too

Right: the Hon. John Pepys, Lord Cottenham's brother, and Miss Angela Larnach-Nevill, Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill's daughter, had a quiet wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, just over a week after their engagement was announced

• TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

on December 22nd. I am not sure what band will play—Pilbeam's and Newman's should be in good practice by then.

Sport

Let us congratulate **Gordon Richards** on his achievements. When it comes to the point when a newspaper-poster says: "Richards Rides a Loser," it is in the same standard as "Hobbs Makes o."

At Westward Ho! **Miss Gloria Minoprio** shook up some of the more senior members of the Royal North Devon Golf Club—her black trousers, jersey, and cap, as worn in the English Ladies' Championship, astonished even the giant sea-rushes, and Major Percy Parker. As A.M.L.O. at Boulogne during the war, he had seen some funny sights, too.

There have been some fine stags grassed (note the technical term, please) recently. Two fine "royals" have hit the turf at Culachy, each weighing about 18 stone; these were shot by Mr. J. R. Dennis and his son.

Party Goers and Givers

An absentee from Mayfair parties is **Mr. "Eddie" Tatham** He has sailed for New York to put out the final flickers of Prohibition. Thousands of shiploads of whisky reported following in his wake, flying his firm's flag, with his photograph inset. Else we should be sure to have seen him at the **Hon. Arthur** and **Mrs. Eliot's** housewarming and wedding-cake-cutting in Portland Place. Bentleys and Royces rolled up to the door, depositing all Mayfair. Lord Decies, the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who had given a cracking party on the River earlier in the week, the family lawyer, Mr. Isidore Kerman, Miss Pamela MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dunkels, Lady Kemball Cook, were all viewed.

Quaglino's fourth birthday saw all the Mayfair circle back in its own orbit again. Seen among four hundred others—Lady Diana Cooper, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who takes a delight in lunching Bishops at Buck's Club, Lady Cambridge, Mr. Eric Hatry, and Mr. Eddie Baron, of whom a French paper recently said: "M. Baron, qui espère être baron-et." And why not? It would make a brace in the family.

There was a **soirée musicale** at 50, Grosvenor Street, given by Lady Birkenhead and Lady Lavery. Some of Reville Terry's dresses were shown; could not see through Miss Horner or her lorgnettes, so missed the parade. Noticed Mrs. Claude Beddington, not wearing her famous hat with prawns; she had left it in sea-water to keep the fish fresh. George Robey was there, Daisy Kennedy played the violin, Melville Gideon sang; Beatrice Harrison, who plays the 'cello for nightingales, sat with her auburn hair tied round with green string. Lady Pamela Smith and Miss Sheila Berry both attractive, as always; Lord Donegall nosed out the champagne when others could not find it. Princess Imeretinsky ran about with skates.

This Week

Monday. Important wedding: Miss Monica Brand to Mr. D'Arcy Lambton, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Traffic hold-up in the Strand anticipated.

Charles Laughton at the *Old Vic* in some cheery Tchekov: *The Cherry Orchard.*

Tuesday. "Les Girls" opening performance at the Dorchester, midnight. *Ballerina*, with Frances Doble and Lady Eleanor Smith to supervise, at the Gaiety.

Wednesday. Cesarewitch at Newmarket.

Thursday. Motor Show at Olympia.

MR. PEEPS

Mr. John Marjoribanks Askew, Grenadier Guards, and Lady Susan Egerton, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's fourth daughter, were married at Holy Trinity, Melrose. The reception was held after the wedding at the bride's home, Mertoun, St. Boswell's

Exclusive "Bystander" pictures specially taken by L.N.A.

1. Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley look as if they might be saying, "Our present looks all right, anyway"

2. "Aerial" view of guests looking at the presents, and for the ones they gave

3. Mr. Chance, Sir Stephen Bull, and Lady Violet Pakenham found a less-crowded corner of the reception

4. And so did the Hon. Thomas Verney Cave and Miss Mary Collins

5. Lady Cromwell and Colonel Melville on their way down stairs after greeting the bride and bridegroom

6. Captain and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys ready to see the cake cut

7. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wiggin made their first post-honeymoon appearance at the wedding. Mrs. Wiggin was Miss Margaret Livingstone Learmonth

8. Lady Zia Wernher came into the eye of the flashlight during the reception

8

9

9. Mr. and Mrs. Kerrison talking to Lady Crossley, whose daughter, Miss Delia Crossley, was a bridesmaid

10. Guests making their slow progress up the wide stairway at Sunderland House, where Mrs. Godfrey Heseltine held her daughter's wedding reception

10

11

12

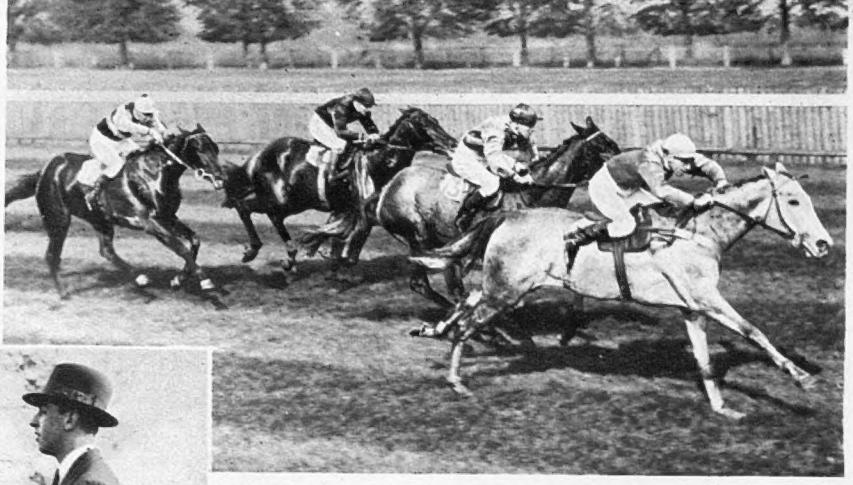
This Business of Getting Married

Lord Willoughby de Broke and Miss Rachel Wrey Go Through It

11. Lord Willoughby de Broke and Miss Rachel Wrey greeting Lady Jellicoe. Lady Norah Jellicoe was one of the six grown-up bridesmaids

12. Another "aerial" view at Sunderland House, of guests arriving

13. Lord Willoughby de Broke and his bride, Miss Rachel Wrey, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where their wedding took place last week



Right: Mr. Stanley Wootton's Eastern Slave filly with A. Smirke up, taking the lead from Mr. A. J. Phillips' Zenart in the Mole Plate, at Gatwick

Lady Alington and Sir Robert Throckmorton were two of the Saturday afternoon "field" that saw some fine racing at Kempton Park

Mrs. A. King, Lady Reynolds, and Mr. A. Abel Smith started their winter racing season at the Ludlow Autumn Steeplechase Meeting

A Racing Reverie

By "Regular"

Crazy Week at Newmarket

We often behave oddly: this week we are odder than ever, for this is Crazy Week. You will not find it described as such in your racing calendar (a Christmas present from your grateful bookmaker); oh, no! Newmarket Second October Meeting is its official title, a singularly unimaginative bit of nomenclature, and one which fails completely to give any inkling of the high jinks in store for you.

For weeks now we 've been preparing for Crazy Week, and our bookmaker has inundated us with lists of prices, and a few of us, determined to have a bit of craziness all on our own, have taken these prices seriously and actually had a bet.

Insanity is not a thing to make jokes about, and I am the last one to hold up to ridicule those poor souls who have had ante-post bets on the Cesarewitch. However, anyone found in possession of a bookmaker's voucher should, of course, be put under restraint, and I am given to understand that this practice is shortly to be considered grounds for divorce.

Mr. Fawcett, the handicapper, plays a very big part in the pageant. Mr. Fawcett knows much more about racing than we do, and he has taken particular pains to make it as difficult as possible. However, entering into the real spirit of Crazy Week, we say: "Nonsense! Old Arthur doesn't know a thing; he 's given So-and-So a stone too little. Let 's have a big bet."

Popular Mr. Marriott has taken particular care that the chef d'œuvre of Crazy Week should be run under the best conditions. So busily employed has he been on the racecourse that rumour has it that a six-stone stable-boy was seen to walk across the Limekilns, after a shower, without removing his shoes, and was not sentenced to death.

Those gallant Majors and Captains on the racecourse Press have also done their share. If their swords were as formidable in the face of the enemy as their pens are in the face of the bookmakers, no wonder we won the war.

All our attempts, though, to make Crazy Week worthy of its name would be futile but for the active co-operation of the Jockey Club. Fairly chortling with glee, they espied an enormous Roman structure and they said to one another: "We 'll run most of the race behind it, and we 'll get as many people down here as possible, but we won't let them see anything."

And that, my friends, is Crazy Week. More people will go to Newmarket on Wednesday than on any day in the year, to see a race that can't be seen, and they will bet like drunken sailors on a race which, thanks to Mr. Fawcett and the fact that the jockeys also enter into the spirit of Crazy Week, is the hardest race to back the winner of during the whole year.

We have already had one very jolly week at Newmarket and one particularly thrilling race which closed five years ago. Under the circumstances, it was not very surprising that there were only two survivors.

The race was won by half the way to Cambridge by Firdaussi at 25 to 1 on, which was not frightfully exciting. I understand that this was that good horse's last race, and, judging by what I saw of him at Newbury, he should show no lack of zeal in his new career.

There seemed to be very few people at Newmarket except when you descended to the subterranean bar in the Private Stand, which was packed. The atmosphere down there is so like a night-club there 's simply no difference at all, and you can get "Nicely, thank you" after a bad race without getting black looks from the Burra Sahibs.

Lord Beatty and Fred Darling both enjoy a reputation for great shrewdness. It would seem, though, that one or the other, or both of them, must have blundered over a deal in horseflesh. Just over a year ago, Fred Darling allowed Strathcarron to leave his stable for a paltry 620 guineas, while, a year later, Lord Beatty purchased Gold Bridge for over ten times that amount.

Last week at Newmarket these two met at a difference of only 9 lb., and the ex-selling plater, Strathcarron, made Gold Bridge look like a hack and, moreover, Bobby Jones, who had ridden them both, and this time rode Strathcarron, thought he was certain to do it. When you have taken a view and supported that view with rather more than you can afford to lose, and when all the good judges have told you you were balmy, it 's a lovely feeling when you see the object of your "view" trot in by four lengths.

Kempton enjoyed the greatest day in its long history (always excepting the day a well-wisher fired the old stands). The presence of the King and Queen was sufficient to make it memorable, but Limelight and Joe Childs made it certain that we 'd never forget it.

How we cheered! Limelight is, of course, by far the best horse the King has ever owned, and now shares with Brown Jack the distinction of being the most popular horse in England.

Hardly had we washed down the lump in our throats caused by Limelight, than we developed a brand-new lot on account of Colombo. This great two-year-old only won a short head, but time will show that, in conceding 17 lb. to Valerius, he put up the very devil of a performance.

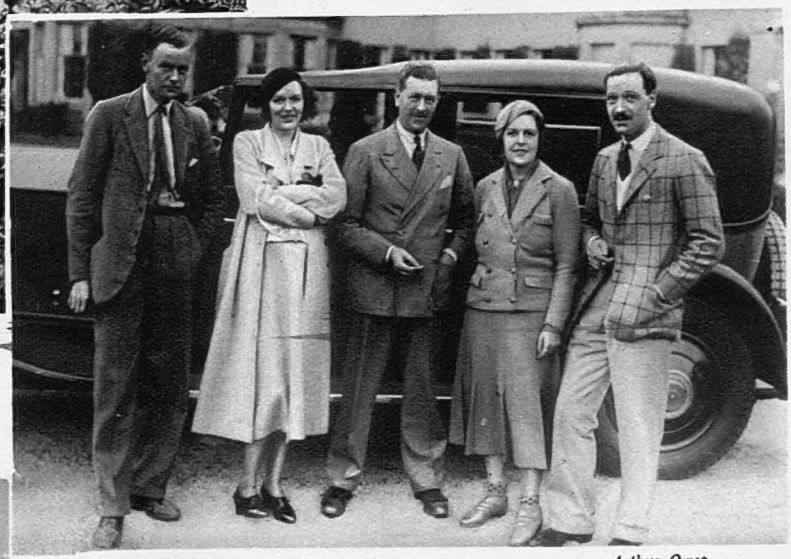
When some horses win or lose races by a short head they remember it for many a long day. Colombo, however, will have no reason to take his meals off the mantelpiece. "Steve" just showed him the whip, but he did not hit him. There may have been more energetic jockeys, but never in the history of the Turf has there been a more considerate jockey than "Steve," or one who could get more out of a horse without recourse to the whip.

Roundabout

All Social, But Otherwise Unrelated

Below: Mr. R. Harvey, Mrs. Bruce Harvey, Captain Cecil Pim, Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, and Dr. Bruce Harvey were at the Gleneagles Hotel last week, and spent some of their time on the golf course

The Hon. Anne Wood, the Hon. Dorothy Lane-Fox, and the Hon. Peter and the Hon. Richard Wood at Hickleton Hall, near Doncaster, where coming-of-age celebrations were held for the Hon. Charles Wood, Lord and Lady Irwin's eldest son



Arthur Owen

Golf was Their Thought for the Day

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Eliot cutting her wedding-cake at the six-till-eight party which she and her husband, the Hon. Arthur Eliot (left), gave to celebrate their wedding. More pictures of this party next week

Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas, the elder son of Lieut.-Col the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, and Miss Joan Toms, Major and Mrs. C. B. Toms's only daughter, coming away from St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding last Thursday

Right: a midday snapshot, taken not a hundred miles away from Piccadilly, of Mrs. Patrick Davidson, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, Lady Dufferin and Ava, and Mr. Ronald Balfour

• PERSONALITIES

• **GENERAL SIR FRANCIS DAVIES, K.C.B.,** who has been left a fortune, commanded the 8th Army Corps in the Dardanelles, among other important posts, in the war. He is a very untidy man, especially in the way he dresses. He has a strong personality and it would be hard not to obey him. His eyes are his most striking feature, with their expression of sincerity and vision. He has an untidy grey moustache and often wears a "straw boater." He has been A.D.C. to H.M. the King, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and G.O.C. Scottish Command. His wife, who is charming and unpretentious, has the Christian names of Madalen Augusta Lavinia. He has a castle in Worcestershire, two sons, a witty daughter, a fine record and reputation, and the respect of the men who have served with him.

• **VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH,** who was present at the Sutherland County Ball, is Lord Londonderry's daughter-in-law. She is thin, vivacious, and attractive. She has a quick way of talking and moving, and a characteristic manner of standing with her arms folded. She is dark, with a long, expressive mouth and clever eyes. Her husband is satirically witty and wears horn-rimmed spectacles. She has a daughter called Jane Antonia Frances, to whom she is devoted, but she would never spoil a child or a dog by maudlin affection. She is essentially loyal and secretly idealistic. She has a house in Park Street, a large number of relations, an interest in many things, and a surprisingly radiant smile.

• **MISS ANGELA BRETT,** whose engagement is announced to Mr. Kenneth Thornton, is the eldest daughter of the famous Zena Dare. She is one of the best-mannered young girls in society; she enjoys everything, and is unusually attractive in an entirely feminine manner. She has been acting-secretary to her father at the London Museum for many years, and he is one of her best friends. She has an infectious laugh and an unselfish nature. She has no affectations, no petty conceits, and she should develop into a broad-minded woman who will always be adored. She has a brilliant mother, a happy expression, a really kind disposition, and will make a good wife.

• **CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE,** who has left by Imperial Airways to visit naval establishments in the Far East, is one of the best-looking men in Parliament, and Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He is tall, dark, and at times somewhat fierce-looking. He is a dangerous enemy, but a true and reliable friend. He is attractive and ambitious. If he is once convinced of something it is very hard to alter his opinion. His recreations are varied, but he is fond of hunting and good on a horse. His three clubs describe him well—the Carlton, Turf, and Beefsteak. He has had two wives, both attractive, and five sons. He has dark eyes which can express anger most effectively, a deep, fascinating voice, a good brain, and well-cut clothes.

"PETER PEPPER."

The Passing Picture Show

Odds On . . .

By Sydney Tremayne

"The Song of Songs," quâ film, may not be all that a first-class film should be, but it has the one and only Marlene as its heroine, and that is enough for ninety per cent. of film-goers. Here is the statue that appears incessantly throughout the film, and there beside it is its lovely original; she poses for it at the story's beginning and destroys it in the end

. . . FAVOURITES heavily backed to win!—Marlene Dietrich for the Paramount stable; Ronald Colman for Sam Goldwyn; while Jack Buchanan is in position of owner and trainer of *That's a Good Girl.*

"*The Song of Songs*"

ABOUT this film: it is almost unbelievable, but true, that Marlene is more lovely and more alluring than ever, and her speaking voice is the most fascinating in the world. Truthfully, it is not a very good film, but that does not matter when Marlene is to be seen, first depicting youthful innocence in peasant clothes which would be grotesque on anyone else, then is just *not* seen in the nude—but the resultant statue is much too prevalent. Then she gives vent to breathlessly rapturous love in the prettiest and most diaphanous of frocks, exquisitely appropriate to the idyllic sylvan love-scene in which it figures, but less so to romping and hill-climbing among typical and beautiful Mamoulian "scenery." The sartorial and emotional transformations include Marlene suitably arrayed as an unhappily married Baroness and a final appearance in a marvellous black evening gown, and one of those hats so befeathered that they proclaim a lady's profession even before the pop of champagne corks is heard and the star gives utterance to the embittered confession that she is not the same woman as the Lily with the "Song of Songs" ideals about love. . . . Finally, there is a magnificent and passionate climax, when, with unerring artistic taste, she hammers the statue to smithereens.

Brian Aherne is faintly disappointing as the sculptor whom Lily loves. In the earlier scenes, when he is more loth than loving, he plays in the right key, but lacks fire and emotional strength when his ardour is supposed to have redoubled itself. But it is an ungrateful part—that of a man who deserts his sweetheart, turning her over to a rich, elderly man, only realising her indispensability when it is too late.

The Baron, played by Lionel Atwill, also lacks consistency; his intentions and affections appear to be good and sincere, if senile, to begin with, but he turns into a most monstrous cad after marriage. Alison Skipworth seems strangely cast as a rum-loving old harridan and is apt to over-act her more bibulous and unpleasant scenes.

Rouben Mamoulian succeeds in poetising the banality of the picture chiefly by means of really exquisite scenic effects and concentration on the changing beauty of the star.

"*The Masquerader*"

RONALD COLMAN has enviable histrionic opportunities in the dual impersonation of an unpleasant drink- and drug-maddened Member of Parliament and his "double," a charming, brilliant, debonair young man, in *The Masquerader.* One or other, or both, are on the screen practically all the time, and Colman achieves the opposing portraiture with almost unfailing zest, the more admirable because the story itself is manifestly incredible and some of the detail ludicrous.

It was a bad strategical error to make Colman give, almost in extenso, the speech in the House of Commons which was not only to evoke enthusiastic cheers, restore the injured prestige of the dissipated cousin he was impersonating, but also, in some mysterious way, to "save England," because it was quite one of the most fatuously meaningless speeches ever made.

Some of the most entertaining passages concern the "masquerader's" confusion when confronted with the other man's wife and lady love, not knowing what his relationship with either is supposed to be. This is Colman at his best, more in the Raffles mood and really more satisfying than the melodramatic moments, including the death of the superfluous M.P., which leaves the impersonator free to comfort the lovely widow and continue to "save England."

Elissa Landi is attractive and dignified as the wife, "deceived" by her husband and then deceived by the other man's likeness to him.

"*That's a Good Girl*"

"SCENES of enthusiasm" and dense crowds in Leicester Square on the opening night of *That's a Good Girl,* of which Jack Buchanan is part-author, director and star. *That's a Good Girl* was a stage success, and it was in this musical comedy that Buchanan made a "leading lady" of Elsie Randolph. She is with him again in the film, which opens brightly, showing the expedients to which the impecunious Jack Barrow is put in order to enter his bailiff- and bill-infested home. From thence to the Riviera to collect a legacy, accompanied by two friends, and followed by a lady detective and the jealous opera-singer with proprietary rights in one of the boy friends. . . . Mostly nonsense and Jack Buchanan, but lots of people like the former and even more the latter. The funniest thing in the picture is Jack's buffoonery when, disguised as a member of the male chorus in an opera, he causes consternation and confusion.

"*The Pharmacist*"

IT is difficult to estimate humour: the critic may merely reveal his own limitations in that sphere. Jack Buchanan made me laugh by the simple expedient of marching backwards out of his top-boots, whereas W. C. Fields failed to evoke so much as a titter, although he went to the trouble of clouting an intractable child, handing enormous vases as "souvenirs" to ladies who bought nothing in his shop, and finally, having the whole shop and its motley contents destroyed in a "shoot-up" between police and a gangster, what time Mr. Fields hid under the counter. All this takes place in a farce called *The Pharmacist,* of which the actor is also the author. There is a prolonged joke about the name "Cuthbert," but perhaps I missed some plums of verbal wit, as I find difficulty in hearing what Mr. W. C. Fields says.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 19

Lord Lurgan

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Hynes

WILLIAM BROWNLOW, third Baron Lurgan, is the most sophisticated and elegant nobleman of my acquaintance. So many peers look like lobster-catchers or dairy farmers. Some actually are. Others begin in their youth to look like second footmen, and, as increasing corpulence claims them, develop the lines of a first footman, until, ultimately they acquire the pink corpulence of pedigree butlers. (No names, no pack-drill.)

My Lord Lurgan, at the age of seventy-five, has the slimness of a first-class lawn-tennis player; the height of a Guardsman (he was once a Lieutenant of Grenadiers); and wavy, silver-white hair which every platinum blonde must envy with all her heart (if she has one). Add to that a cynical, caustic, witty tongue, a cruel smile, the chairmanships of the Ritz-Carlton group of hotels, Booth's Gin, the Grand Buildings in Trafalgar Square and Drury Lane Theatre, a few more directorships, such as that of the London branch of the Norwich Union, and there is your man. Even this is a very sketchy outline of the one person alive whose reminiscences, if he was ever induced to write them, I would buy outright, instead of going to a circulating library. His fund of reminiscences is unfailing. He never repeats himself. He can tell you the entertaining origin of every leading financier in London. The intrigues of the Edwardians are an open book to him. He can turn a phrase as easily as I can shut the door.

FEW Irishmen, even of good family, succeed in preventing a touch of provincialism from creeping into their outlook. Lord Lurgan looks more like a French duke. Once I had an American cousin-by-marriage who asked me how to tell a "Lord" from a commoner. I said I did not know. A week later he came back in a high state of excitement and indignation. "You have been keeping it from me," he protested. "I have only been here seven days, but I know the answer already. Lords wear spats." As a matter of fact, I have never seen Lord Lurgan in spats, but even without them there is something so polished and distinctive that the stranger would be sure to turn around to have another look as he passed on his way. Yet there is something much more distinctive about Lord Lurgan than his appearance. He has the greatest self-control of any man living. On the ninth day of the ninth month of the ninth year of the present century (which, as you will readily realise, is September 9th, 1909), he forswore all smoking, all racing, and all betting. And he has never gone back on it. Until that day he was one of the biggest gamblers on the Turf, though in those times the biggest punter to-day would seem a piker. Up to then he had regularly smoked fourteen cigars every twenty-four hours. I will say nothing about his other betting. Yet one day he said "Good-bye to all that." And it was not "Au revoir." To-day he is the stickiest thirteen handicap player in the country, with a son whom only ill-health prevents from being the amateur golf champion. He has property in Ireland. He lives at the Carlton Hotel. He is, as he always has been, the best-looking man of his age in Great Britain. Until recently he was an inveterate first-nighter. He has the K.C.V.O., which takes a lot of earning.

I only wish I had been old enough to know Dublin in the great days of Vicoregal Lodge, when, during the Viceregal season, there was a ball on Tuesdays, a banquet on Wednesdays, another ball on Thursdays, and an aide-de-camp's dinner on Fridays. For Lord Lurgan at that epoch was State Steward, which is the Irish equivalent of Lord Chamberlain, and took care of everything, from the invitations to the old brandy. I bet everyone had the grandest possible time, including the late King Edward.

The Prince of Wales' Cup at Prince's, Sandwich

The Autumn Meeting of the H. A. C. at St. George's Hill

In Action at Sandwich and Weybridge

Competitors at Two Recent Meetings

Prince of Wales' Cup

1. Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon (Prince's) and T. A. Torrance, winner. 2. J. W. Bealey (Walton Heath) and Rex Hartley (Prince's) third. 3. Eric H. Chambers and J. M. Robins (Beaconsfield). 4. Capt. W. A. Roscow (Rye) and Lieut.-Col. W. M. Ozanne (Royal St. George's). 5. H. W. Millard (Purley Downs) and L. A. Scott-Taggart (Thanet). 6. D. W. Turner and A. S .G. Thompson (Aldeburgh). 7. J. H. Cooper (Royal Cinque Ports) and A. R. Tanner (West Hill)

The H. A. C. Meeting

(A) Duncan Anderson, winner of the Founder's Prize, with 75+1=76, and R. R. May. (B) L. Montgomery and F. E. Ward, runner-up with 84—7 =77. (C) A. R. Shield, who was third with 94—15 =79, and H. F. Day. (D) J. G. West and Captain A. F. Knight, winners of the four-ball event, returning a score of six up to beat Anderson and May, who finished three up. (E) Walter Hill and Captain E. J. Amoore, (Hon. Sec. to R.A.C. Golfing Society). (F) L. S. Marler and W. E. Hewitt

Countess Zoppoler, Mme. Branker, Miss Nancy Yuille, and Mr. Rupert Bellville watching someone else's first drive with mildly critical eyes

Highland Golf

The Week's Who's Who from the Gleneagles Hotel

Playing golf on the Gleneagles Hotel course is rapidly becoming an established week-end out of London amusement. Lady Catherine Willoughby and her brother, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, were over from Drummond Castle, however, and not up from London. With them (centre) is Mr. Robin Wilson

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Lady Milton and the Hon. Peter Beatty, the younger of Lord Beatty's two sons, were two more club-swingers who have been keeping the course cheerfully occupied

Above: the Hon. John Willoughby, Lord Ancaster's second son, like the rest of his family, is a golf and tennis regular at Gleneagles. He is with Mlle. Livia Paravicini

Right: Lady Willoughby de Eresby watching a drive. She was Miss Phyllis Astor, and married Lord Ancaster's elder son two months ago

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

TRAFFICKING about the West End on one of our invaluable midnight investigations we departed from custom and passed beneath the opulent portals of Monseigneur. We 're glad we did : we 're so glad that we 're breaking our rule Number One, which is " on no account will we be a guide to night life," and are telling you to pass beneath the opulent portals of Monseigneur. Lew Stone is back on the rostrum—we call it rostrum, anyway—leading his great and glorious band. We liked that, but we liked even better Slim, Bob and Bon-Bon. Slim plays the guitar like it was his worst enemy. Bob tickles the ivories, and Bon-Bon uses his voice. They call it scat-singing in hot music circles : we call it swell. Thanks, Bon-Bon : we wish you could come around and sing to us at breakfast. The boys are known as The Three Keys : they can call themselves what they like so far as we are concerned. We nominate them for the Hall of Fame. And the whole gang 's coloured. We like that, too. We 'll be round again, Monseigneur.

Frances Day

Who, in addition to playing lead in " How D 'You Do," at the Comedy Theatre, is now taking part in the new production called " Two Hearts in Waltz Time," which is being filmed at the Nettlefold Studios

" Step in and try the cigarette-lighter, Sir ! "

IT is not often that the cynicism of our legislators rears its ugly head, but there are times when that cat of unduly repulsive aspect springs nimbly from the bag. It has sprung on no less than three occasions during the past week—but to no purpose, it gives us pleasure to add. A large manufacturing concern advertised in the *Times* for a Public Relations Counsel, which is American for publicity man, and among the 231 replies that they received, three were from Members of Parliament, all of whom assured the advertiser that they would be able to devote their full time to the work in question. We all know that the £400 a year that the boys draw down for serving their constituencies is really given them to look nice on after hours, but we were a bit staggered to find that our three applicants can devote all their time to the work. But, then, we like to be staggered : it restores our faith in human nature.

PUBLISHERS tell us many stories in their spare time, but we don't always believe them. We know a publisher who makes a fetish of telling the truth, however, so we publish this story without risk of contradiction. If you have any girl friends in Cheltenham, pass it on to them, please, and you 'll see why if you don't hurry us. Our publishing friend is hot on efficiency and boiling over on research, and when the season 's slack he has his staff go around analysing things. They decided to analyse all novel manuscripts sent in for a year; plots, length, whether typed or written by hand—you know: you don't want us to waste our time writing it all out. Analysis finally presented to our friend contained startling statistics on the number of novels that never get published which girls, widows, retired wives of retired generals, civil servants, etc., write when they get home from India, evidently believing that it 'd be lovely if only we wrote a novel, then we could buy a car. Our friend, brimming over with confidences, assures us that no less than 46 per cent. of the novels submitted by women start on board a P. and O. liner bound for the gorgeous East; 46 per cent.! Steward, a time-table. And why don't some of you girls go to Iceland instead?—there 's less competition.

MODESTY has hitherto prevented us from taking this story from our files and presenting it to the world: but modesty, we now read in Sayings of the Week, is both unethical and lousy, and that 's the best news we 've had lately. We 're satisfied, anyhow. We were walking along the Strand with a journalist we know, not one hundred miles from THE BYSTANDER office, naturally, when our friend called a halt and pointed to the statue of a fairly naked woman surmounting the doorway of an insurance office. We didn't think much, of the statue, and said so; but our friend, while agreeing, drew our attention to the breasts of the caryatid and told us that when the statue was first unveiled some years ago, the L.C.C. were very cross, because it was their collective opinion that the breasts were too like breasts and were thus indecent. We asked our friend if they wanted them to look like a piece of bread and butter, but he didn't know. The insurance company, not wishing to fight a case on æsthetics when their business lay elsewhere, sent a man up a ladder with a bit of sand-paper in his hand, and told him to reduce the breasts to permitted proportions. We 've no idea what the point of this story is, but we know you 're all interested in old buildings.

"Listen, Pop—it 's Henry or nothing!"

IT was the same journalist who flew to Rheims a week or so back on a champagne jag. Information which he gathered in that ancient city has been passed on to us, and, with the best will in the world, we don't see how we can hold it back any longer. Our friend met Monsieur Moët, of Moët and Chandon. M. Moet gave him the world-shattering scoop that Moët is not pronounced Moé, but Moette. It

THESPÆANS

No. 2.—Evelyn Laye

MISS LAYE is tall and fair,
And people all declare
She has "true English beauty."
But, more important, she
Has to a marked degree
A darned keen sense of duty.

She 's not content to say,
"I 'm perfect ev 'ry way,
So why should I take trouble?"
But, seeking greater heights,
She actually delights
Her energies to double.

Unlike some well-known pro.'s
She clearly proves she knows
Hard work 's appreciated,
And that 's the reason why
The critics prophesy
To further fame she 's fated.

In short, though she has got
A very useful lot
Of looks, it 's my submission
The reason she 's a star
Is that her good looks are
Placed second to Ambition!

B. W.

A Continental Attraction

Josephine Baker, the cabaret and revue artist, who is appearing at the King Edward Theatre in a musical entertainment on the "body-lines," which she has made popular with Parisian audiences

A scene from "The Brontës," L. to R.: Anne (Helena Pickard), and Emily (Dorothy Black).

doesn't make the slightest difference to us: Mumm 's always been our word, and we hope it will be again. You others be careful in future.

IF we 'd only known earlier that you were all crazy about folk-lore we 'd have written this piece long ago. It happened to us for a change and not to a friend. Locality: Scotland. Time: Sunday. Requirements: one drink, or maybe two, because we do confess we had a friend with us. Old Scottish customs won't allow you a drink on Sunday if you stay put, but if you are a restless sort of fellow the laws governing the sale of alcoholic refreshment on the Sabbath are just fine. You say you 're a bona fide traveller, and then you can drink yourself silly provided (*a*) that such a thing is possible, and (*b*) that you 've got enough on you to pay your whack. At least, that was our impression until we tried to buy a drink in Scotland last Sunday. We could have a drink, but were we bona fide travellers? We were. Then would we sign the book, saying from whence we came and whither we were going? We would, and did. The previous bona fide traveller was, we observed with some annoyance, journeying the same route as ourselves, so we wrote "ditto" under his itinerary. He was coming from the cradle and going to the grave. And we hope he likes it when he gets there.

"Haven't seen you for five years. What have you been doing?"
"Five years."

WE were so fond of this story we read in *The New Yorker* that we decided to have absolutely no hesitation about repeating it, especially as we wanted to give you a Michaelmas treat, even if late. We believe it, and we 're known all round town for believing practically nothing. The scene, like most good scenes, is America, and the story concerns one of those splendid amphibious airplanes that now cross the Continent regularly, carrying passengers and mail. During a recent flight the 'plane ran into a thick fog, and the pilot decided that his burden was too precious to risk further flight so he came down in a handy field, advising the passengers to go on by train. All but one took that advice, exception being an old gentleman with a dispatch-case who said he was in a hurry, and would like to take the risk; anyhow, it was his first time up and he liked it. The 'plane took off with the old gentleman aboard, but, alas, the fog stayed thick, until even the pilot got the jitters and decided he 'd had enough. They came down. The old gentleman grabbed his dispatch-case, got up, opened the door and stepped out. There was a loud splash, old gentleman having had such faith in the airway that he thought they 'd arrived. Actually, the 'plane, being amphibious, had come down on water. The old gentleman was hauled out; says it was a great experience, and he 'll fly again. No, we have no idea what was in the dispatch-case. THE BYSTANDERS.

Still Going Strong

which reached its 200th performance at the Royalty Theatre last week. Bramwell (Denys Blakelock), the Rev. Patrick Brontë (Alfred Sangster), Brontë plays may come; Brontë plays may go, but this one seems eternal

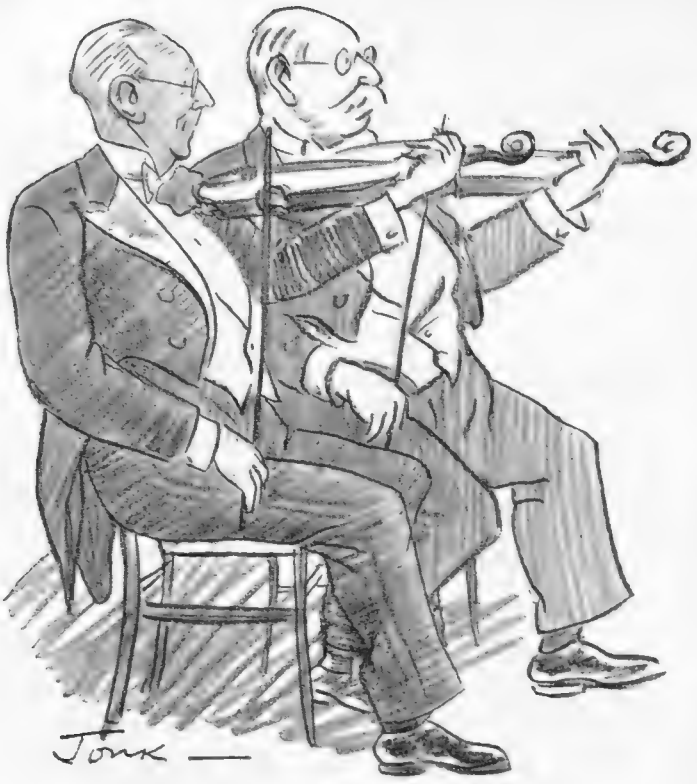
Civilization and Savagery

Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong not in the least disturbed by the fearsome figure of Noble Johnson, who is really a white man. They are at work on a film by R.K.O. Radio Pictures entitled "The Son of Kong," a sequel

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"



Bows and Bowls
Harry Dunaway and Sammy Hebditch

IT is a pity we couldn't publish our we-know-what-we-like comment on the Art Society's Exhibition in time for members to have taken it with them when they went to see the pictures. But press-day is press-day, and even a preview before the Press or the public were let in didn't help. Our visit to the splendid dining-hall of the Drapers' Company was a lonely one, except for a brief glimpse of Horace Mummery, the House art critic, who arrived as we left, looking like Winnie the Pooh searching for honey, and an even briefer glimpse of the Master and Wardens of the Company in session. The latter somewhat alarming experience was due to an attempt to go out by the wrong door.

THE Chairman of the Society, Francis Moore, showed a charming group of pictures; we feel sure that Nos. 2, 4, and 6, in particular, must have been among everyone's favourites. Close by, and by contrast, were R. D. G. Alexander's impressionistic efforts in the wet-brush and runny-paint style; we heard that one of them had been given a rather impolite name. C. W. A. Strangeman's careful and detailed oil-paintings of trees and woodland pools had an attraction of their own, and so had F. W. Haxworth's "View from Hartinghill," with its fresh colouring and formalised treatment. The scarecrow we thought irritating, but the distance and middle distance were excellently done.

N. BRISTOWE contributed a bold but uneven portrait, three landscapes, all very full of colour—one of them asking to be bought by a railway company for a poster—and some coloured pencil drawings which were pleasant, if unoriginal. All the portraits in oils were capably executed: A. Jennings's blue-coat boy and judge, and A. Bleackley's portrait study. The latter artist also contributed four most attractive crayon portraits, top marks being given to No. 188, a mysterious, blasée-looking blonde.

THE water-colours formed, as a whole, the best section of the Exhibition. Eustace Pinkerton's four pictures were delightful, and so were G. W. Taylor's quiet and delicate sketches. R. Gibbs and J. Moreland both treat their totally different subjects in the sort of frank and direct style that produces a picture instantly pleasing to the eye—clean, full of colour, and of easy composition. D. Paine, who is only thirteen, has painted a ship and a quayside scene that would do credit to an artist of maturer years; H. Y. Tuckwell contributed some yellow trees and a scene of brightly coloured dolls'-house-looking houses in an amusingly modern manner; and J. G. Taylor evidently has an unusual gift for reproducing atmosphere in terms of paint.

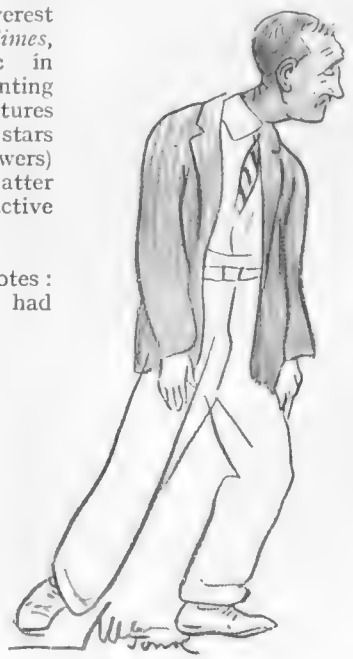
OTHER things we liked at Drapers' Hall were Eustace Pinkerton's engravings, especially those after Van Dyck and G. Stuart; F. W. Haxworth's lino-cuts, and P. Mould's wood-cuts; H. A. Meyers' aerial snow-scenes, admittedly inspired by the photographs of the Everest Flight published in the *Times*, and very photographic in style, and the flower painting group, particularly the pictures by M. Webb (three stars for the bowl of wall-flowers) and B. Matchwick. The latter also showed some attractive flower miniatures.

MISCELLANEOUS notes: Martin John Turner had turned some nicely-shaped and polished work with his lathe; Mrs. M. B. Harrison, the first lady member, showed suitably lady-like water-colour paintings on silk, made up into trays; the photographic section was moderate, and, with one exception—Stanley Watson's work—over-framed. The "bargain basement" left our critical faculties stunned. W. G. Brooke's middle-nineteenth-century-style caricatures and M. M. Smith's single-line characterisations were placed too near "Jonk's" work to allow us to look at them with wholly unbiased eyes. And, incidentally, we have a bone to pick with our colleague for having kept "Seen on Gold Cup Day" out of this page.

TURNING rapidly from art to music, we have news that the Orchestral Society is starting rehearsals again, so they'll soon be due to appear here. Sammy Hebditch, who plays the viola at House concerts, and has an inexhaustible fund of musical stories, also makes his weight felt on the bowling-green—in fact, he is usually asked to walk about the rink before play, as it saves getting the roller out. Harry Dunaway is another musician who is also a bowls player. He is reputed to be able to play any musical instrument that has ever been made, but has only been seen in charge of the viola at the Queen's Hall.

H. L. TIDIEMAN takes his recreation peacefully on the bowling-green too. Like Mr. Hebditch, he is built on the generous side; he chews while he plays, and has a shield on his wood; the latter, apparently, not every bowls-player has, but we don't quite know why they all shouldn't if they wanted to. Tom Malby is a more noisy member of the House bowling confraternity. He is always busy on the rink, and is nicknamed "the curse of Scotland," because he always corrects the Scottish players by chivvying them.

THE star performer of the House is Ernest Spring, who, in combination with Ted Collins, the clerk to the House, has put up some pretty good performances. When playing the other day for the London English against the London Scottish, his rink only just missed winning the medals. Ernest Spring, who was playing third, had drawn the shot but his skip unfortunately tipped their opponents' wood in, and lost them the coveted honour by one shot. He is an excellent bowler, and a very quiet skip, which won't surprise his friends in the House, but has been seen to smile very occasionally. And if we've made any howlers with these technical terms, we beg all friendly bowlsmen not to laugh out loud.



Ernest Spring
"Where did that one go?"

This Squash Racket!

Major Gretton surprises Major Bell with a little squash knowledge

Amr Bey and his many vests

Sidney Rogerson takes General Louis Vaughan for the grand tour of rooms 151-5

Lord and Lady Melchett started the ball rolling

Miss Susan Noel in action

The back-chat between C. Read and C. Arnold

Exhibition of water squash racquets supplied by Sir John Page-Wood and Commander Eykyn

D. Butcher's undercuts and long pull-over

Celebrities Caricatured by H. H. Harris at the Opening of Thames House Squash Racquets Club

Westminster

Round the

Manchester, Burnley,

Sketches by

IT was obvious that after Birmingham I should come on to Manchester, from the citadel of Protection to the battered fortress of Free Trade. Besides, the two towns are rivals, and a breath of competition is acceptable after the rather turgid atmosphere of Conservatives in Conference.

I SHALL probably arouse a hornet's nest of local patriots when I say that Manchester is still the greatest provincial city in the Kingdom. But I was brought up in the belief that "What Manchester thinks to-day, the rest of England will think to-morrow," and I should hate to believe the reputation is entirely exploded.

Is it only a sign of the times that the *Guardian* is daily appreciated more and more? Hasn't the increasing interest in concerts and music throughout the length and breadth of the land some trace of Hallé's enthusiasm? And isn't it still the summit of an orator's ambition to pack the Free Trade Hall?

I AM surprised that the city should ever have wanted a Piccadilly and an Oxford Street of its own, for it has always been original and individual. In the Civil War, while others were wasting their time, their substance and their lives, the Manchester men had the good sense to engage a German to do their fighting for them. It was a Manchester man who removed that bauble which, two hundred and fifty years later, Mr. Becket attempted feebly to dispose of.

WHEN the people wanted a theatre in the eighteenth century, they forced their Bill for its appointment through the House of Lords by advocating it as an antidote to Methodism; and it took nearly a hundred years before someone thought of a retort. Then they founded in the town the United Kingdom Alliance for Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

IF the political school that Manchester has given its name to is, for the moment, out of fashion, in fairness we might remember that the battle of reform was won on the fields of Peterloo.

TO-DAY, with its population of nearly eight hundred thousand, its electorate of half a million, and its ten Members, it is incredible that it was not until 1832 that it was represented in Parliament at all. Thirty years later, its two Members were increased to three; twenty years after that to six; and after another thirty years, in 1918, to ten.

IN the sixteenth century it was "the most populous town in Lancashire and the fairest." In the twentieth it is the centre of a vast metropolis—in number and size comparable to London itself. It is impossible for a stranger to know where Manchester ends and its satellite towns begin. The whole district, of which it is the head, is so vast and awe-inspiring that to Southerners, at any rate, it is a terrifying portent of what may be.

MANCHESTER has been no respecter of political personages. It has turned down in the last fifty years Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Churchill, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Masterman, Mr. Clynes, and two literary giants, Mr. C. P. Scott and Mr. Philip Guedalla.

IN 1931, for the first time in its history, it sent ten Conservatives to Westminster, Sir Boyd Merriman the most distinguished of them. He entered the House in 1924, for Rusholme; in 1928 he was Solicitor-General; now he is President of the Divorce Court. I hope he won't lose his sense of humour on the Bench. I remember him once saying: "There are three stages of success at the Bar. The first is when you 've lost your first case and walk disconsolately to Waterloo Bridge, determined to throw yourself over the parapet. The second is when you say 'Well, after all, Judges are human and I 've done my best.' And the last stage is 'What is the fee?'"

SIR BOYD has been one of the quiet men of politics; roused occasionally when his "beloved leader" (to quote his own words) was attacked, but on the whole, restrained. The House hardly knows him. He has spoken seldom. He has not been used by the Government in debate as much as he might have been; very unlike his vis-à-vis, Sir Stafford Cripps.

MR. CLYNES, who sat for Platting from 1906 to 1931, is an Oldham man. He was beaten by Mr. Chorlton, who is a Manchester man. Manchester men are well to the fore in representing their own people: Mr. Lees-Jones, who defeated poor Mr. Oliver (he fought Blackley in 1918, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1929, and 1931: total length of Parliamentary service, thirty-five months); Mr. Flanagan, a very important political figure in the district; Sir Joseph Nall.

Whispers: By "BIG BEN" on Tour

Constituencies: No. 11.

Nelson and Preston

David Wilson

MR. BAILEY, aged twenty-eight, ex-Oxford Union, who comes from Lancaster, turned out Mr. Compton, "the John Bull of Labour" and Chairman of the Socialist Conference this year. He carried on the red flag, in Gorton, from the Right Honourable John Hodge, who went "from workman's cottage to Windsor Castle."

CAPTAIN FULLER, in his own person, represents the Army; Mr. Fielden the railways, Sir Gerald Hurst (one of the few Members of Parliament who mentioned India in their election addresses) and Mr. Fleming the law. It takes all sorts to make a world.

PROUD Preston has been sending its chosen two to Parliament since 1295, though it ceased to do so from 1331 to 1529, because times were bad and cash was scarce.

ITS great Tory days were when Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Tomlinson sat invincibly together. Then Mr. Hanbury died, and in the 1906 election a Labour man and a Liberal, Mr. Harold Cox, got in; Sir George Stanley and Sir Alfred Tobin came to the rescue in 1910. The Liberal Hilton Young had a try and went away defeated, and when Sir Alfred was made a Judge, in 1915, Mr. Urban Broughton was returned unopposed. His principal contribution to England's political life was the Bonar Law College at Ashridge. He died before he could be made the first Lord Fairhaven.

MR. TOM SHAW appeared on the scene in 1918 and stayed there till two years ago. Actually, he was retiring before the last election, but was pulled back to keep Preston safe. He failed to do so. Sir William Jowitt, who, from 1929 to 1931, sat for the town as a Liberal for two months, a Socialist for twenty-four, and a National Labour-ite for three, went with the Prime Minister when the National Government was formed (he couldn't do otherwise), but he preferred an impersonal appeal to the electors of London University to the prospect of uncomfortably hard tackling by his former side. The University wouldn't have him, and at the moment, politically, he is in the doldrums.

THE present Members are Messrs. Moreing and Kirkpatrick. Neither of them lives in Preston. Mr. Moreing is a figure in London. He is on the London County Council. His brother, who was a Liberal, used to sit in the House for one of the Cornish seats. He was very popular. Mr. Kirkpatrick should be getting ready. He knows the East, and India in particular, about as well as most of us know the district between Parliament Square and Charing Cross.

BURNLEY was very much on the map in 1931. Admiral Campbell, who wrote a nautical election address and kept up the breeze throughout the fight, became quite a public figure for a short time. In the end he beat Mr. Henderson by eight thousand. Should I say that when he 'd done that the Admiral had shot his bolt? He still keeps up his spirits by calling himself a National (he doesn't think much of Party politics), but he is really one of the rank and file. He votes consistently with the Conservatives, who, by the way, last held Burnley in 1910, and seems disinclined to set a course on his own.

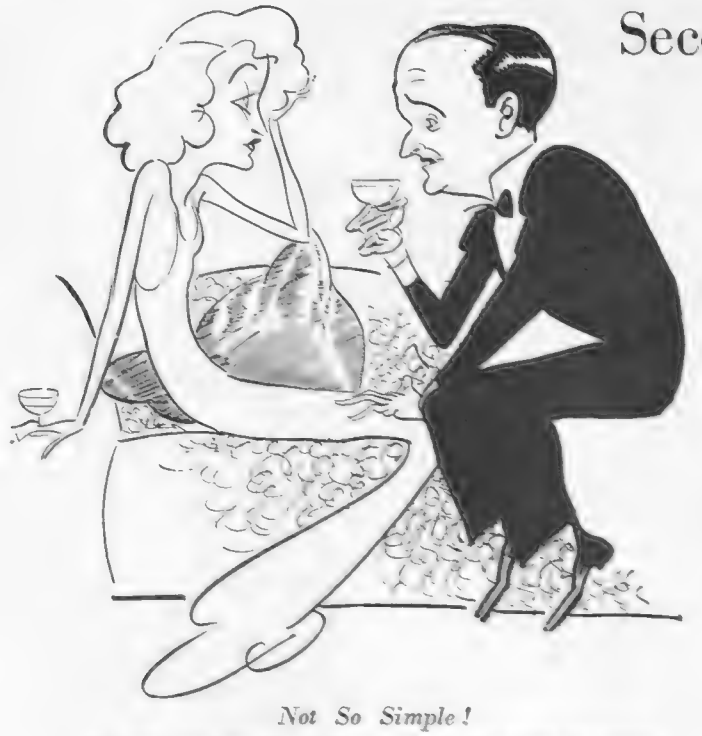
NELSON and Colne, a joint borough, is a growth of the 1918 reforms. It has never wavered in its allegiance to Socialism until the last election, when it preferred to Mr. Greenwood, who had looked after it for ten years, Mr. Linton Theodore Thorp, a barrister, whom it had already turned down in 1929 by over ten thousand. Mr. Thorp was educated at Manchester Grammar School, but he lives now in Buckinghamshire. His claims to fame are that he was the last British Judge of the Supreme Court at Constantinople, and that he knows all about money-lending. He has an important voice and ideas about the future. One feels that his profession attracts him more than politics; for the moment, their interests for him are coincident.

IT surprises me that he lets Mr. Randolph Churchill loose in his constituency to make speeches attacking the Government and Mr. Baldwin. He is orthodox himself. Since he was elected, he has taken silk and been made Recorder of Saffron Walden. He must be pleased with his progress so far.

Next Week:
Liverpool, Southport, and Blackpool

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Varied Loads of Mischief



Not So Simple!

The bold, bad man (Barry Jones), who tried to seduce the simple little maiden (Kay Hammond), is surprised to find himself engaged at the end of the evening and a full-stop put to future philanderings, in "Women Kind," at the Phœnix Theatre

"Before Sunset" (Shaftesbury)

WHAT with the stink-bombs, the shower of pamphlets, the shouting and counter-shouting, the policeman who blew his whistle and the policemen who didn't, the slow-motion fog which obscured Herr Hauptmann's first Act was still with us when we left the Shaftesbury, with the din of Werner Krauss's ovation in our ears. It had been a pretty distressing evening, and we weren't sure just how much the rough stuff had affected the poor actors, and whether, being a bit jumpy ourselves, we 'd got the play all wrong.

We felt then (and still do) that prosperous old gentlemen of seventy, however hale, hearty and charming, who attempt the love's-young-dream stuff with village maidens some fifty years their junior, don't fit in with our notions of what 's a nice, clean, hundred-per-cent. Romance. Not that Grandpapa Clausen, whose repellent family would have popped him into a mad-house if Death hadn't solved the problem—as it does, you will remember, in Mr. Maugham's *Sheppey*—was anything but nice. He was so nice and virile and chivalrous, and his family were such crashing bores, that it fairly wrung our withers when everybody got up against him and his young bride. But we felt (and still do) that the slow-moving Hauptmann undercurrents reflected a picture of family life and testamentary procedure outside our ken. We had a suspicion that all these oblique, Teutonic, untranslatable atmospherics, so stolidly charged with domestic thunder, were just leading nowhere except to a slap-up death scene for the leading man. The author reminded us of a heavy-handed conjuror who built up his trick with laborious patter, but all the time you could see the rabbit in his trousers-pocket. We got very impatient with him, and some of the actors didn't help matters by undertoning their voices and saying their lines as if Herr Krauss was due to pass out about 2.30 the next morning. What skill, charm, and superb technique could do for our uneasiness was done by Krauss himself. Here, in voice, mien and all the aspects of the actor's bag of tricks, was a super-man. We could almost persuade ourselves to learn German if only to hear this princely actor veer from sucking-dove to roaring lion in his own language. Without pandering to the noisy foreigners who demanded British actors and to blazes with Hitler, we owe it to our warped intelligence to pay tribute to some sensitive playing by Peggy Ashcroft, Joyce Bland, Clare Harris, O. B. Clarence, and Felix Aylmer.

"The Man with a Load of Mischief" (Westminster)

IN a week of disappointments, this revival of Ashley Duke's finely-chiselled cameo of Regency racket and romantic awakenings started our spirits on the downward trend. Stanley Lathbury and Marguerite Cellier did the period proud enough as the inn-keepers who act as credulous and abetting chorus to the quality's contemporary goings-on. D. A. Clarke Smith swilled his port and took his snuff and his discomfiture with an air of one who, if he didn't exactly claim to be a mellowed product of pump-rooms and dice-boxes, had a clear working notion of the loose ways of a Regency roué with a shapely wench. In Ion Swinley, the man-servant has a worthy spokesman of those poetic cadences which give the piece its lovely lilt and classic mould. And so, with Julia Crawley's vivacious maid scoring all her points and leaving nothing to chance, the temper of the revival depended on whether Valerie Taylor came up to those expectations which she left behind when she deserted London. Woe is me, but Miss Taylor seemed to find the strings and wood-notes of poetic prose beyond her powers of orchestration. She was sensitive and sincere, but behind My Lady's capacity for an idyll I caught no wanton flash of the Covent Garden actress flying from the Royal bed.

"Women Kind" (Phœnix)

THIS seems the right moment for Barry Jones, who was once "The Queen's Husband" to receive promotion under the sign manual of this department. The Emperor Jones is up to his old games again as the urbane disturber of feminine peace. We know of no better candidate for the throne of Philandria than this nice little man, whose formula for the art of acting you won't find in any of the text-books. The Emperor's business in this butterfly comedy of dalliance is to wheedle his victims to the slaughter, give them the amatory and analytical once-over and dismiss them gently. And *won't* you be surprised when Youth—not too innocent—hunts the hunter down and puts an end to his nonsense!

Kay Hammond, no longer Cockney, makes it easy to understand why Don Juan should cease going gay, if only temporarily, and an American actress, Lily Cahill, plays a wife avid for adventure with efficient and effective exuberance.

TRINCULO.

Sketches by Rouson

Old Man's Darling!

Mathew Clausen (Werner Krauss) and his young inamorata (Peggy Ashcroft) look down with disgust on the Clausen family and their lawyer. Mrs. Clausen (Edith Sharpe), Professor Wolfgang (David Hawthorne), Erich Klamroth (Charles Mortimer) and his wife, Otteline Clausen (Diana Hamilton), Hannafeldt (Felix Aylmer), and Bettina Clausen (Joyce Bland)

Junior Lovelies

Hay Wrightson

Miss Merial Dalrymple-White

Miss Merial Dalrymple-White is the only daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Dalrymple-White; she is twenty, and was presented last year. Her father was the Conservative Member for Southport for over twenty years; her mother is Viscount Falkland's sister

Lenare

Miss Amalia Demetriadi

Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi's only daughter is a débutante of this year, and was presented at Court during the season. Her family have a place near Lewes, in Sussex; her father, who received his knighthood in 1920, is, among other things, Vice-President of the London Chamber of Commerce

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Elizabeth Brooke

Miss Elizabeth Brooke is the third of T.H. the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak's three daughters, and is another twenty-year-old. She is at present working at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Her elder sister married Lord Inchcape earlier this year

Lenare

Miss Anne Dixon

Miss Anne Dixon is the daughter of Captain the Rt. Hon. Herbert and the Hon. Mrs.. Dixon, and is a niece of Sir Thomas Dixon, and of Lord Clanmorris. She was presented at Court this year. Her brother married Lady Diana Wellesley in August

As You Like It—

"The Distaff Side," at the Apollo

Mrs. Fletcher (Dorothy Holmes Gore), Mrs. Millward (Sybil Thorndike), Toby Chegwidden (Clifford Evans), Roland Millward (Alexander Archdale), and Rose (Maud Buchanan). Roland is asking Toby, who has had influenza, "What do you feel like?" He answers "Cat's meat"

"Ball at the Savoy," at Drury Lane

Left: Hermione Baddeley as "the Hiking Queen," one of her character studies in the new non-stop revue which is staged at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

Above: a scene from "Ball at the Savoy," at Drury Lane, showing one of the episodes in a cabinet particulaire in which Celestin Fromant (Barry Mackay) and Madeleine (Natalie Hall) take very prominent part

Or, What You Will, Folks

Prominent Plays and Players

Left: a scene from Somerset Maugham's play "Sheppey," at Wyndham's, showing Sheppey (Ralph Richardson) with his wife (Cecily Oates) and daughter (Angela Baddeley), with the latter pair distinctly uneasy when they learn how father proposes to dispose of his windfall from the Irish Sweep

Right: picnicking at Duthie Bay in 1885, Dr. Marshall (Ernest Thesiger) and Wilhelmina Cameron (Dorice Fordred), his illegitimate niece, who later effects a neat murder, in "The Sleeping Clergyman," at the Piccadilly

The gentleman with the bald head and thumbs up will be as easily recognised as Robertson Hare as the lady registering comic terror can be seen to be Sydney Fairbrother, both of whom add to the fun of "Nice Goings On," the popular musical farce at the Strand Theatre

"Nice Goings On," at the Strand

"The Sleeping Clergyman," at the Piccadilly

Left and below: in the oval are Harriet Marshall (Dorice Fordred) and Charles Cameron the First (Robert Donat), circa 1867. It is their illegitimate daughter who is pictured above. Below we come to the future in the same play, where Charles Cameron the Second (Robert Donat), a descendant of this rotten stock, a great scientist, is seen proposing to Lady Katherine Helliwell (Pamela Carme)

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

Music and all That . . .

English Opera and Foreign Composers

By "Melos"

I AM sorry for the Metropolitan Opera Company, which, as I write, may or may not be able to get out of the metropolitan area.

Funds are low, to the verge of non-existence. Let us hope that a plucky fight of a few weeks will not end in collapse, which would be yet one more smack in the eye of opera generally. That, in turn, would make the pessimists or the anti-opera-ites yelp again that opera in England is a hopeless proposition without a State subsidy, and that a subsidy is out of the question, because you cannot expect people who are not interested in opera to pay for those who are.

THERE is a grain of truth in this, though the cost would be less than a farthing a head, and even that would be paid so indirectly that no one would really know whether it was being paid at all. Besides, most of us pay much more than that for things we don't get. I pay, in a remote rural district, for a policeman (who doesn't exist), for lighting (there are no lights anywhere near me), for upkeep of roads (which are not upkept at all), and for the education of children (I have no children).

THE M.O.C. is in financial difficulties mainly because of its orchestra. That is not the fault of the orchestra as such, either collectively or individually. It is the fault of an economic system which, introduced originally to remedy grievances, has become almost an absurdity.

You cannot run Wagner without a large orchestra. That orchestra, expensive in any case, must be rehearsed frequently, and the cost of full orchestral rehearsals is prohibitive in the case of a company which has to look to every sixpence.

The singers in the M.O.C., experienced and famous artists, most of them, put up first-rate performances, for which they got precious little money. Some, agreeing to drastic "cuts," ended up the week with a couple of pounds, or less. The orchestra, through no fault of their own, gave some mediocre performances, and, backed up by a strong Trade Union, drew infinitely more money.

Yet the distress among orchestral players owing to lack of employment is considerable. If the M.O.C. goes, it will be worse. Plenty of players would be willing to "meet" the management, as the singers did, and to rehearse at cheaper rates, or even for nothing. This they are not permitted to do.

In this way are important musical organisations Trade Unionised out of existence; and skilled orchestral players perform to the gallery queues of theatres for pennies chucked into a hat.

The tragi-comedy of opera in England is having a long run.

THERE was some irony in the performance, by the small but efficient orchestra at the Shaftesbury Theatre, of Dvorak's "Carnival" overture as a prelude to *Before Sunset*.

This formed a prelude also to a carnival of quite another sort, when pamphlets rained down from the gallery even on to the distinguished head of Mr. Noel Coward, and stink-bombs seemed everywhere. The subsequent playing of Strauss waltzes could not soothe the savage breasts of the interrupters.

The "Buy British" motto, so widely distributed in a place where only one foreign actor had been engaged in an otherwise British company of thirty, had any pretensions of sincerity knocked out of it by the fact that the all-German company at the Aldwych had been allowed to perform—as was only right—without interruption, and that the Josephine Baker revue, which, with the exception of one man, is all-foreign, and has in it not a bar of British music, was also greeted courteously.

FANATICAL attempts to keep out foreign music and musicians are, of course, quite absurd. None the less, the present invasion of foreign composers, as well as performers, of light music is getting serious. Both the Home Office and some of our impresarios are to blame here.

Foreigners have composed the music for the entertainments at Drury Lane, the Aldwych, the Garrick, the Hippodrome, His Majesty's, the Adelphi, and the Prince Edward. The music of *Ballerina*, shortly coming to the Gaiety, is by Sullivan. But this is not Arthur Sullivan. It is the foreign Henry Sullivan, though an Englishman, John Foulds, has been allowed to score it, and another Englishman, Julian Clifford, will conduct it. Foreign composers are getting their teeth well in at the film studios.

Yet there are plenty of British composers of all styles of light music available, from Walter Leigh, who did such brilliant work for *Jolly Roger*, to the jazz merchants, who are as clever at the American idiom as the Americans themselves.

Sir Thomas Beecham going over the score with Mr. Szigeti, the famous violinist, in front of the orchestra at the H.M.V. Studio, St. John's Wood

THE Alhambra production of Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* reminded me far more of Nijinski's original than the performance of Serge Lifar at the Savoy some months ago. It was, of course, intended to be the Nijinsky arrangement, though it seemed less spontaneous.

Fortunately, the Greek-frieze posturings had been restored, with good effect; they give what little "plot" there is, and they also give the faun himself something to get excited about. No ballet can be purely musical, and the eye must be satisfied too. M. Massine, as the faun, was exquisite. There are greater dancers, but there is no greater mime in the world than he. The orchestra played this little masterpiece beautifully.

THE "Proms" wound up their successful season with one of their few novelties, Delius's "Idyll." This is, to all intents and purposes, a new work, though its foundation is a love-duet in an early opera, *Margot la Rouge*, which was never performed. It is Delius at his best and tenderest. But it is tantalisingly on the short side.

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Nebular News

An Introduction to Florine McKinney and Charlotte Susa

The latest news from the M.-G.-M. Studios announces that Florine McKinney and Charlotte Susa have been put on the contract list. If looks could make them stars, they could have their O.K. here and now; whether they can do the acting stuff, they have yet to prove. Florine McKinney (above) is a native find who has got her contract; the lovely blonde on the right, Charlotte Susa, is described as a "new German screen sensation," and has only lately gone to Hollywood to make pictures

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

Miss Wanda Morgan (Westgate-on-Sea) playing a shot from an awkward lie during the English Women's Golf Championship

A Richmond player making a good effort to get away in the match between Richmond and Bedford, played at the Old Deer Park, which was won by the visitors by 16 points to 11

Max Baer, the well-known boxer, and conqueror of Max Schmeling, unlike old-time "pugs," can add to his income by appearing on the films. He is to be featured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in a boxing picture

I DARESAY some of you have taken part before now in the golf competition for the Branksome Challenge Cup, run in conjunction with the Branksome Tower Hotel at Bournemouth. It is always a pleasant affair, and this year I 'm told that the hotel itself will be pretty gay with cabarets and what-not over the week-end of October 28th. Entries for the competition, by the way, have to be in by October 23rd; two courses have been taken, one for single and one for double handicap players, so that the modest performer need not be unduly abashed by the presence of such tigers as Dale Bourn, Brig.-General Critchley, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, and E. R. Tipple. There are, incidentally, no entrance or green fees, practice rounds may be played without charge on the Saturday, and it seems to me that a good time will be had by all.

UNFORTUNATELY, I shall have to forgo my own practice round, for on that particular Saturday I 'm hoping to see how the Arsenal fare against Newcastle United. Mr. Manager Chapman knows all about football as well as showmanship, and it was an astute move on his part to stimulate interest in his team by capturing Dunne from Sheffield United, and although the figure paid was a high one, Dunne's transfer will be well worth the money. The star of the Arsenal was not, at the moment of purchase, in the ascendant, and this linking-up of a fine footballer with so spectacular a team should help the gate. It 's no good kicking against the pricks, and so far as "Soccer" is concerned, the time has passed since local talent for local teams attracts the crowd; what the public want is big names, and where astute management tells is in production and making all the stars play smoothly together: it has become a branch of the theatrical profession, and the team with the most stars topping the bill will always draw the crowd.

There are people who object to this wholesale buying and selling of players, but I must admit it doesn't worry me over-much. I regard the professional footballer as an actor moving from one show to another, and I expect him to play his part just as well in one theatre as in another. When we go to an Association football match, we don't get worked up because the local lads are upholding the fame of our village; we go to see an exhibition of ball-control, and Mr. Chapman, realising this, is anxious to provide us with the best exhibition possible.

IN the meanwhile, I 'm afraid Sheffield United may be hard hit by Dunne's departure. They were badly shaken up at Huddersfield, at any rate, and I hope they won't slip back too far. One other comment on Association football, for I 'm told by an expert who was present that the scene at Portsmouth the other day, when Aston Villa players violently disputed the referee's decision, was deplorable. The referee, you may remember, had awarded Portsmouth the winning goal, and the Aston Villa team crowded round him, shouting, waving their arms, jostling him and generally behaving like uncontrolled schoolboys. The decision may have been right, or it may have been wrong, but the players should know that it is specifically stated in the rules that they must not appeal against the referee's verdict. But, then, I don't suppose one player in a hundred reads the rules, or has ever read

By "Mark Over"

Mr. Hugh Campbell, the well-known society singer, a nephew of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Ian Smith, the well-known Scottish Rugger International, who, it is hoped, will soon be seen in action. A trio of guests at the Stracathro shooting-party

them, though they are sent round by the F.A. to all players at the beginning of every year.

INCIDENTALLY, it would be no bad thing if the Rugby Union made some such attempt to persuade players to look at the rules. Rugby footballers are more ignorant of the laws which govern their pastime than the players of any other game. It is true that the Rugby rules are somewhat involved, but there 's hardly a player who could pass an examination in them, and that is a strange thing.

I'M very sorry to hear of the death of Young Stribling, the American heavy-weight. Stribling was a likeable fellow, and I saw a good deal of him when he was last over here preparing to fight Don McCorkindale. He was a very good heavy-weight—nearly a great one—though his luck deserted him in championship bouts. I think myself that he fought too much, and burnt himself out. There 's no doubt that his long experience in the boxing-booth and the ring had taught him every trick of the trade, and he would have tied any of our heavy-weights into knots. There was a chance that he would have come over here again this winter, and he might have met Jack Petersen, though I wouldn't have given much for Petersen's chances.

Petersen, it seems to me, is lying fallow too long. It 's time he fixed up some more fights, for though I 've just said that Stribling over-did it, there is a wise medium, and a boxer can only keep in trim in the ring.

TO pass to less violent subjects, the trout-fishing season is over now, and a difficult, tantalising season it has been. Bright days, clear water, no rain, shy fish, abnormally low rivers — is it any wonder that those of us who throw the fly now and again are not quite sure that it has been such a glorious summer, after all? Still, on these golden autumn days we might do worse than have a cut at my lady grayling, a fish whose presence is resented in some aristocratic streams, but a free riser and very sweet to the taste. A difficult fish to catch, moreover: an annoying fish in a way, for the grayling appears to rise short time and again. As a matter of fact, I think this short rising is often bad marksmanship, for, unlike the trout, the grayling lies deep in the water, and may easily miss the fly in the long rush upwards. Anyway, it amuses me to angle for the grayling: if any of my readers regard the fish as beneath their dignity, and have water in which there are too many grayling, my services are at their disposal.

Bryan Sidney Freeman sailing an 18-ft. boat at Sanbanks. When more actively employed he is a useful runner on the track, and thus follows in father's and uncle's footsteps

Ladies' County Finals at Westward Ho

The Warwickshire team: sitting, l. to r., Miss Fyshe, Mrs. Peppercorn, Mrs. R. Hughes, Mrs. Bell-Scott; standing, Miss E. Pears, Mrs. Simcox, Mrs. T. Nichol, and Miss P. Moore

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The English Golf Union Replies

Mr. H. E. Taylor

The veteran English International, who won the King William Medal at the Autumn Meeting of the R. and A. Golf Club at St. Andrews with the fine score of 73

Arthur Owen

Mr. Ralph Cobbold with Sir Ian Walker on the links of the Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire

My readers will remember that in the issue of September 20th I introduced parts of a letter sent to me which criticised rather violently the English Golf Union. I went further than that: I added to the letter many original remarks of my own, criticising Unions in general and the English one in particular. This is not the first time that I have criticised the English Golf Union, and no matter how saintly may be their conduct in the future, it is unlikely to be the last, in view of my personal feelings regarding Unions, which, judging by the number of letters from, and conversations that I have with other golfers, are quite evidently not peculiar to myself alone. But this is the first time that the English Golf Union have deigned to make any reply. They have written to my Editor, however, a letter which, because of its length, it is impossible to reproduce in full. He has asked me to incorporate some of their comments in an article in order that their point of view may be put before those who read The Bystander, and I am glad to have this opportunity of doing so, for I should hate the English Golf Union to think that I glibly criticised, secure in the knowledge that they could not reply.

The letter, signed by the Honorary Secretary of the English Golf Union, is inspired by the Committee of that body. Early on, the following two paragraphs appear:

"In this article a letter is quoted with apparent approval by Mr. Fairlie, in which the English Golf Union is described as a 'redundant and self-appointed body,' and a circular issued by it to its affiliated Clubs is described as 'utter tripe.' Mr. Fairlie also states that he considers the mere existence of the English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh Unions 'a sheer insult to the intelligence of all golfers.'

"While recognising the right of any individual to hold any opinions which may seem good to him, I am instructed by my Committee to write to you to draw your attention to the above passages, which seem to them to exceed the limit of fair comment and good taste."

I should like to make it very clear that the "apparent approval" is a very real approval, and that there must be no misunderstanding about that. With regard to certain passages seeming to the English Golf Union "to exceed the limit of fair comment and good taste" that is obviously a matter of opinion.

The letter goes on to state that the number of English golf clubs affiliated to the English Golf Union is 1012, and it implies that all the clubs which are not affiliated are little clubs of no importance. It states that the clubs appoint the Officers and Committee of the County Unions: these, in turn, appoint the Officers and Executive Committee of the English Golf Union: it states that, since every County Union has a representative on the Executive Committee, the E.G.U. is the representative opinion of the whole country. I am sorry to say that I cannot agree that the English Golf Union, except, possibly, in the manner of its make-up, is in any way representative of golfing opinion in England. In the last six months I have not heard a single good word put forward by any golfer for the English Golf Union. This may seem a sweeping statement but it happens to be absolutely true, and it so happens that in the last six months I have attended both the Amateur and Open Championships. The English Golf Union recognises the right of any individual to hold any opinion which may seem good to him—which is very nice of it.

The next paragraph of the letter states that as the name of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews was introduced by me into the original article, they refer to the statement made by Mr. Norman Boase, as Chairman of the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club, on February 13th (was it a Friday?), 1924, at which he was present by invitation. He is reported to have said: "I say now, as Chairman of the Championship Committee, that we will hail the formation of an English Golf Union and will gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of conferring with it and with the Unions of Scotland, Ireland and Wales."

It is pointed out that Rule Five of the English Golf Union recognises the position of the Royal and Ancient Club as the ruling authority in golf. The letter further states that the Union has always worked in the friendliest relations with the Club.

I can only say that I am delighted to hear this.

A further paragraph states that "It is unnecessary in this letter to refer to all that the Union has done for the good of English Golf and English Golf Clubs." From my point of view I do not think it is in the least unnecessary, and once again I would stress that my own is a very general point of view, held by a great many golfers. The paragraph continues: "Perhaps it is sufficient to say that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whose interest in golf is well known, has this year graciously expressed his approval of the Union's aims by becoming its Patron.

"With regard to the suggestion that the English Golf Union is 'redundant and self-appointed,' further comment seems unnecessary."

The next paragraph in the letter is of great importance. It reads as follows: "With regard to the views held by Mr. Fairlie concerning the Standard Scratch Score and Handicapping Scheme, here again every man is entitled to his views, but the views of Mr. Fairlie are not the views of the 1012 Golf Clubs affiliated to the English Golf Union and in administering the snub to the small group of malcontents in the way described in Mr. Fairlie's correspondent's letter, the Committee of the Club were expressing the opinion held by the vast majority of Club Members throughout the country. Mr. Fairlie's correspondent was no doubt smarting under this snub when he wrote his letter, but is that any excuse for reproducing it in your paper? The same cause no doubt accounts for his foolish mistake in saying that Woking was not an affiliated Club. Both Woking and Royal St. George's have been affiliated for several years."

There is a definite statement here that my views are not the views of the golf clubs affiliated to the English Golf Union. I challenge that statement. They may not be the official views of the golf clubs, but they are certainly the views of 70 per cent. of the members of every club. If members of the committee of the English Golf Union have any doubt on this point I would suggest to them that they should make a few enquiries amongst the members of those clubs of which they happen also to be members.

I am afraid I have not the space to continue this week. The rest of the letter deals specifically with the question of the Standard Scratch Scores and Handicapping Scheme of the English Golf Union. Next week, providing that nothing important occurs which may make it necessary for me to write about something else, I will deal with the remainder of the letter.

. . . a new sports saloon

Miss Gertrude Lawrence
Model by Molyneux

Created in collaboration with

Molyneux of Paris and London

In producing this new model, Humber have had the inestimable advantage of the experience in line and colour of Captain Molyneux, the world-famous dress designer. To their 35 years' experience of building fine chassis and superlative body work has been added the artist's flair for style. The result will surpass your expectations. You must see the new Twelve.

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Vogue Saloon

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Heston a Flying-Field for Eton: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Wearing the Old School Tie

HESTON Airport, off the Great West Road, London's social rendezvous for the air-conscious, with a flying school, air-taxi ranks, show-rooms, workshops, Customs, in fact, all the equipment necessary for pilots and air travellers, has given the freedom of the aerodrome to yet another club—that formed for Old Etonians. It came into being officially on the first Sunday of this month, when a number of "Old Boys" turned out to fly "FY," the Gipsy Moth which has been bought for club use. Mr. "Roddy" Denman, one of the directors of Airwork, is a founder member and is the proud owner of an American Stinson, a four- or five-seater cabin de luxe of a type which is not made over here. He tells me that it is a delightful machine to fly: having dual control, side by side, it is specially suitable for husband and wife when both are pilots. On the other hand, it may not be so good, but Mr. Denman assured me that in his case it was an ideal arrangement. The actual founders of the O.E.F.C. are Mr. J. H. Parker and Mr. H. S. Burge, owners of a Cirrus Moth, who mooted the project about a year ago to the Provost of Eton. Negotiations for a landing-ground at Eton will be continued when the Club has been established a little longer, but in the meantime some twenty owners of property who are Old Etonians have offered the use of fields on their estates, amongst them being the Duke of Montrose, the Master of Sempill and Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton. The old school tie should always be worn when flying, except, perhaps, for week-ends at Le Touquet.

Swaebe

The Household Brigade aviates at Heston and has a club-room in the main airport building. From left to right: Mrs. Nigel Norman, wife of Squadron-Ldr. Norman, a director of Heston; Mr. J. K. Matthew, Mrs. John Crammond, and Mr. R. L. Preston, Honorary Secretary of the Club

A Change of Season

NOW that aviation is no longer possible after office hours, except at Heston, where they floodlight the aerodrome for night work, indoor events commence to take a more important place in the flying calendar. The Junior Aero Club held its second Annual Dinner last week under the chairmanship of Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, the first Englishman to fly successfully in a British machine. Guests of the evening were Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, father of the Moth and winner of the King's Cup in his fiftieth year; Captain "Bill" Lawford, the first pilot to fly London-to-Paris commercial 'planes, since when he has become a pillar of the control-tower at Croydon; and Hubert Scott-Paine, who challenged Gar Wood to a duel with motor-boats on the Detroit River and almost succeeded in bringing back the Trophy to England. In a witty speech, the Chairman described his early efforts to make pigs fly; de Havilland, as usual, was shy; and it was left to Scott-Paine to cast all modesty aside and give a thrilling account of the events which led up to and occurred during his visit to America. The Stage and Screen Aero Club held a gymkhana at Hatfield, with side-shows, roasting the ox, and a cabaret including Sir Gerald du Maurier. This event deserved better support, for it was a fine day, beautiful girls had given their services to run the stalls, and, anyway, Hatfield is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon, with flying, swimming, and squash as alternative attractions. The London Club has changed its address from Stag Lane to Hatfield, acquiring three more machines in the process, making nine in all.

A Sign of the Times

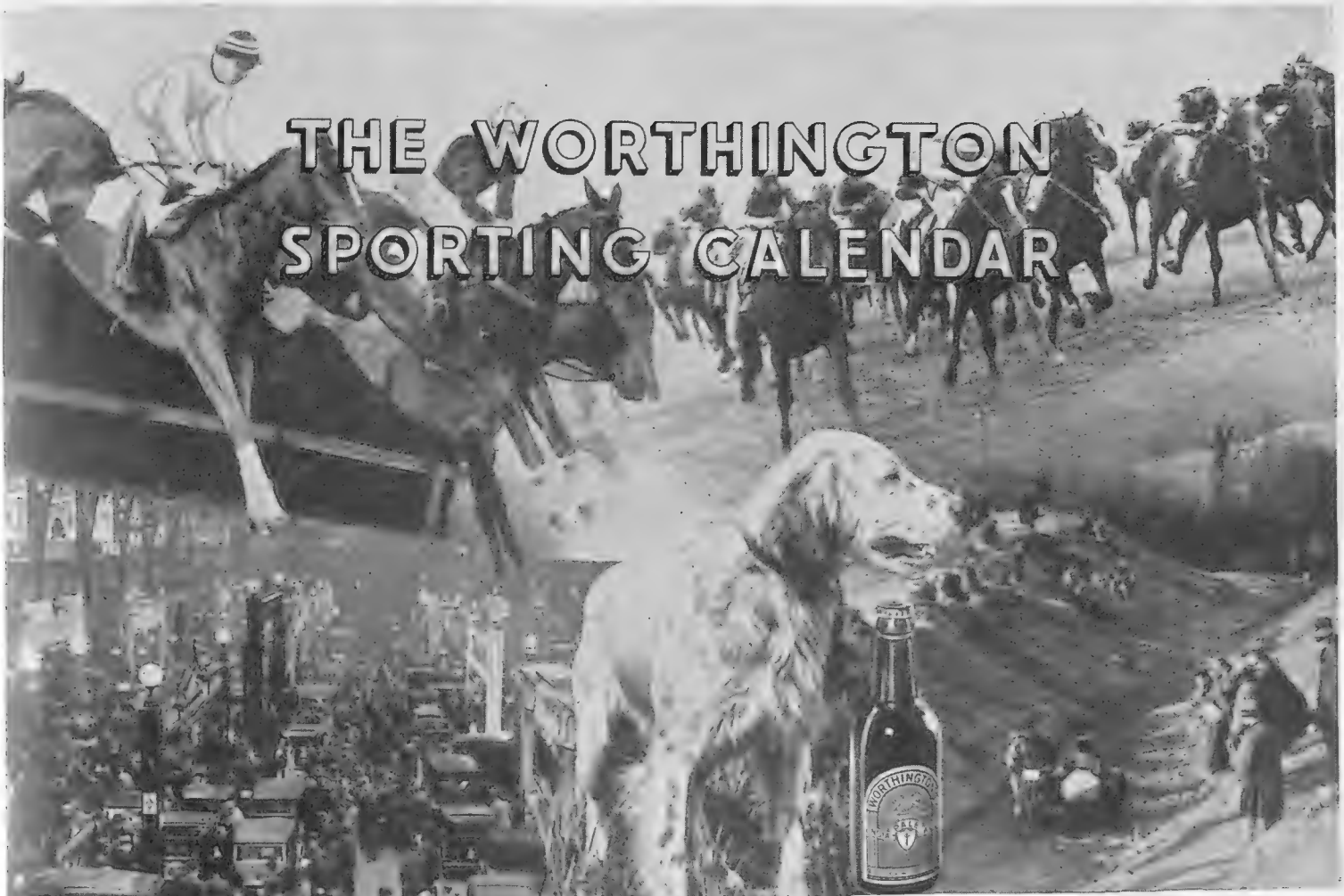
Robert Douglas about to take the air at Hatfield, where the Stage and Screen Aero Club has a Moth for tuition and solo flying. In the front seat is "Eddie" Fulford, one of the De Havilland instructors, who has taught hundreds to fly by themselves

On to Australia

ONE of the world's greatest pilots, Air-Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, has been paying a quiet visit to this country. His immediate object was to take delivery of a "Gull," for which machine he has become the sole manufacturer and selling agent for Australia. Known to his friends as "Smithy," he rivals the late Bert Hinkler for modesty, and it was difficult to find out whether he intended to break a record on the way home or not. His demonstration machine has been fitted with tanks to carry him 2000 miles non-stop, so if the weather is kind and he feels so inclined, that record may have been broken by the time these notes appear. Talking of Australia, the two Dragons that are to be used in the search for yet more gold have been duly christened "Gay Prospector" and "Golden West" by Mrs. W. S. Robinson, wife of a director of the Western Mining Corporation. Stag Lane was given an air of intense prosperity for the ceremony, what with the cars of City magnates, the champagne, and the bright racing colours of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, with which the machines have been decorated.

Wings Over England

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JNR., appearing in the film *Nymph Errant*, has been using the air-way to reach Manchester, where this production is being made. On his first visit he used Lord Amherst's machine; the second, an air-taxi from Imperial Airways; and the third, a taxi belonging to B.A.N.C.O. The latter has suffered a great loss by the death of "Bill" Styran, surely one of the finest cross-country pilots of his day. Only a few weeks ago he flew back from Egypt in fifty hours with the pictures of King Feisal's funeral, a journey full of hazards owing to the bad weather prevailing over the Mediterranean at that time. Sir Ernest Petter, Chairman of Westland Aircraft, came to London in his firm's latest six-passenger 'plane, which is to be sold complete with h. and c. and the usual offices. This should suit Imperial Airways—for reference, please ask for Company's literature or see advertisement. Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, his son and two secretaries hired a Westland taxi from Sabena recently, the regular Brussels-London liner being full.



OCTOBER, 1933

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Newmarket. Fontwell and Hexham Steeplechases. Mallow Meeting.
Show. Kennel Club champ. Show, Crystal Palace.
Assoc. Football. Newcastle United v. South America, Newcastle.
Lawn Tennis. London Amateur Foursomes Tournament, Wimbledon.
Swimming. A.S.A. 220 yards, Salford.

12th **Racing.** Newmarket. Proudstown Park (Navan) Meeting. Hexham and Towcester Steeplechases.
Shows. Kennel Club Show, Crystal Palace. Motor Show Opens, Olympia.
Golf. Open Meeting, Sandown, I.O.W.
Lawn Tennis. London Amateur Foursomes Tournament, Wimbledon.

13th **Racing.** Newmarket and Catterick Bridge Meetings.
Golf. Open Meeting, Sandown, I.O.W.
Swimming. S.C.A.S.A. 100 yards (Boy's), Marshall Street, London.
Shows. Motor Show, Olympia.
Retriever Trials. Ruthin, North Wales.

14th **Racing.** Lingfield Park. Catterick Bridge. Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings. Wincanton Steeplechases.
Assoc. Football. Ireland v England, Belfast.
Rugby. Harlequins v. United Services, Twickenham. Upper Clapton v United Services (Portsmouth), Epping. East Midlands v. Warwickshire, Northampton. North Midlands v. Leicestershire, Birmingham. Burton v. Morley, Burton.
Retriever Trials. Ruthin, North Wales
Speedway. National League: Crystal Palace v. West Ham
Ploughing Matches. Petworth.
Motoring. B.A.R.C. Open "Mountain" Meeting.
Shows. Motor Show, Olympia.
Motor Cycling. Sporting Trials M.C.C. West of England Trial for "The Motor Cycle" Trophy.

16th **Racing.** Wolverhampton Meeting. Market Rasen Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. Covered Court Championships, Queens Club
Pony Racing. Northolt and Portsmouth.
Shows. Motor Show, Olympia.

17th **Racing.** Newcastle and Wolverhampton Meetings.
Shows. Dairy Show Opens, Royal Agricultural Hall. Motor Show, Olympia.
Assoc. Football. West Ham United v. South America, West Ham.
Ploughing Matches. Clay Cross and District.

18th **Racing.** Sandown Park, Newcastle and Dundalk Meetings. Cardiff Stplchs.
Shows. Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Motor Show, Olympia.

19th **Racing.** Sandown Park and Dundalk Meetings. Cardiff Steeplechases.
Retriever Trials. Kennel Club Trials, Birdsall, Malton, Yorks.
Shows. Motor Show, Olympia. Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Foal Show, Kilmarnock.

20th **Racing.** Newbury Meeting.
Retriever Trials. Kennel Club Trials, Birdsall, Malton, Yorks.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Forward Play and Players

In the best pontifical manner, let us admit that the season has opened well. The admission costs us nothing, even if we are dyed-in-the-wool pessimists, and it is soundly supported by the evidence.

To begin with, the Harlequins are in form, and their pack of strong, fast, lively forwards, admirably led by Dunkley, may set us thinking afresh about forward play before the season is out. Some of us have maintained in recent years that a revival in scrummaging is needed, and those who disagree with us have deduced that we favour the heavy, bull-necked, ox-like scrummager, a deduction which strikes us as a little unkind. Others have argued with considerable fervour that scrummaging in the old mode is a thing of the past, and that forwards have now become to a large extent supernumerary three-quarters. Between these two extremes the Harlequins' forwards strike a balance. They have, most of them, the speed of three-quarters; they have, all of them, the weight and solidity demanded by the old school. Their work in the loose is devastating, and when to this they add controlled scrummaging they will be a pack indeed.

I believe that forwards should be fast, if only they will not trade upon the fact, and forget that their primary job is intelligent work at close quarters. A fast pack runs its opponents off their legs, and means that extra yard of quickness on the ball which nips attacking movements in the bud and paves the way to opportunist raids. Pace, then, is a virtue, and if we could see a pack swift in the open, and yet adept at wheeling, combining dribbling and slick heeling at opportune moments, we should fancy ourselves back in the Golden Age.

The Harlequins, then, have promising forwards, and if they had also an Adrian Stoop to direct their movements behind the scrummage they would be a great side in the making. Unfortunately, the Adrian Stoops are few and far between, and at this moment the selectors must be scratching their heads over the problem of finding a stand-off half for England.

I gather that Meadows, of Gloucester, is a better stand-off half than most, and the odds are that he will at least play his way into a trial match. It is interesting also to note that C. Slow, late of Northampton and now of Leicester, appears to be finding the form which brought him out as the boy wonder when the East Midlands so memorably beat the Springboks two years ago.

In that game it seemed to me that Slow showed the unmistakable signs of class, but, for some strange reason, he appeared to drop back after that to the level of ordinary competence. Still, I have always thought that such obvious talent could be no mere flash in the pan, and it may be that, in partnership with B. C. Gadney, he will now mature. Incidentally, I cannot help remarking that when Leicester played the London Welsh "there were several unpleasant incidents," to quote a reliable report, and the referee cautioned more than one of the players. This is not the first instance of stupidly uncontrolled play this season, though we may well hope that it will be the last.

I suppose it is only natural that, in a game like Rugby football, players should occasionally lose their tempers, and fists are swung in the scrummage more often, perhaps, than the unenlightened spectator imagines. Still, a little healthy violence now and again does no harm; what I object to is the fact that some players habitually lose control of themselves, and bring bad blood into every game in which they take part. Such players are not Rugby footballers, and it is up to captains and selection committees to see that they are dropped like hot bricks.

Returning to the happier topic of individual players and their prowess, it is worth recording that some of the relatively old hands are throwing their weight about with some success. I have mentioned Dunkley, of the Harlequins, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that he will lead the English pack this season. Then P. C. Hordern, a fine, roystering forward, is doing well for Gloucester, and P. D. Howard seems to have staged an effective come-back with the Old Millhillians, that very useful Old Boys team. And while we are thinking in terms of international forwards, I wonder whether we shall see anything this year of the burly Sergeant Boast, who appeared in representative football for the first time last season, and played so remarkably well for Hampshire and the Army? He certainly looked like an international in the making, particularly in the county final at Boscombe.

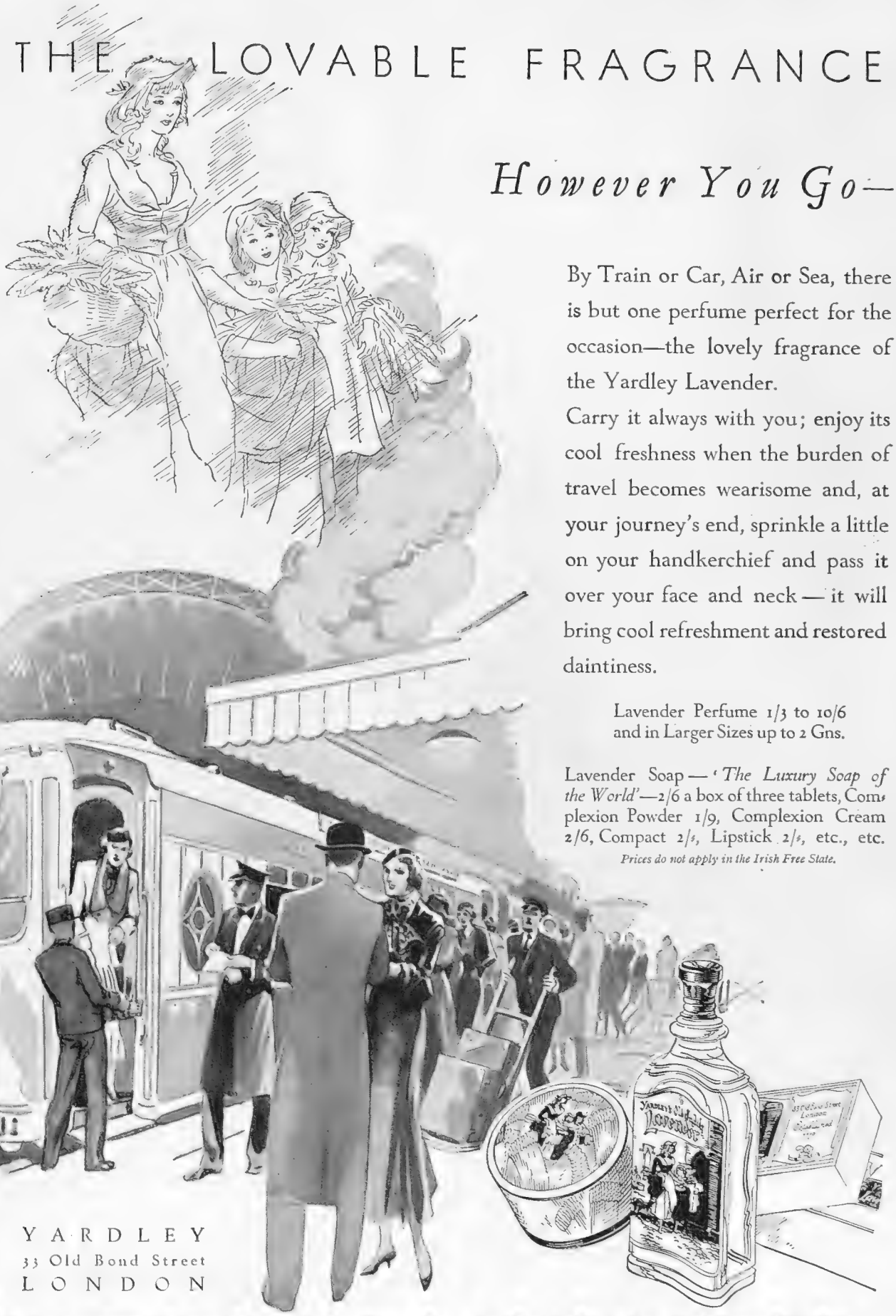
A Bath player picking up the ball following a break-up of the scrum in the match between the Harlequins and Bath at Twickenham, which was won by the former team by 19 points to 9

The game at Blackheath. A well-timed pass by a Blackheath man just as he was collared by one of the United Services. The home team won by 11 points to 3. Blackheath are strong enough to play two first teams simultaneously

Leaving individuals for the moment, and coming to the clubs, it is good to note the continued progress of Bedford, who rely, like the Wasps, upon bustling, worrying, relentless team-work. Blackheath, with their two teams, seem to be in fine fettle also, and Gloucester, I fancy, will take a deal of beating. They play Cardiff next Saturday, and that should be a game worth watching. In the meanwhile, my main contention remains unshaken. The players are finding their form and the season has opened well.

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

However You Go—



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"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Edward Shanks Enchants

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. EDWARD SHANKS's new novel, *The Enchanted Village* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is about a single day in the life of a hamlet of the Sussex Downland. The action begins at six o'clock in the evening of the great cricket match, the village against the team of gentlemen from London. It had been a terribly hot day in a terribly hot summer. "It was in that month when, day after day, the sun blazed upon the country and dried it up. The springs were dried in the hills and the streams ran thin, the wells in the villages failed, the ponds grew thick and slimy and disappeared." (Mr. Shanks can write with the ring of the Old Testament when he likes.) But the heat affected the rustics far less than it affected the Londoners. After the blazing asphalte and the million exhaust-pipes pouring out carbon-monoxide, the scents and the quietness of the Downland, and the hay and the roses and the sweet peas drove them to do and think strange things. But the strange things which they were driven to do were the things they had longed for and never dared to risk. The married woman at last tells her husband that she is bored and wants to leave him; he has, an hour ago, realised that he loves someone else; that someone else has just let herself be seduced for the first time, under the great mulberry-tree, by the husband; the gawky young lawyer finds courage and words to propose marriage to a Lovely, and to propose so that she accepts him. And so it goes on. The enchantment which the village spreads is that it makes them understand themselves; and it also makes them understand that the country is no place for them, and they all go back to London. I think that the great strength of Mr. Shanks, like one of the great strengths of Shaw, is that he can play upon so many stops. He can write at one moment like the poet that he is, and then suddenly throw in a vignette of a Bright Young Person that is compact with up-to-date modernity, and then draw a character with a series of lines, each one of which is a profound truth. Cricket or cocktails, a love-scene or a business-man on the telephone, all come alike to Mr. Shanks. *The Enchanted Village* is that rare thing, a story that is also a work of art.

"HEROES AND HEROINES," by Miss Eleanor and Mr. Herbert Farjeon (Gollancz; 6*s.*), is a collection of poems on the lines of the earlier *Kings and Queens*. There are thirty-eight of them, from Alexander the Great who "conquered the world at a rollicking rate," to "the Saga of Nansen, pioneer of the North, the Saga of Fridtjof Nansen and the Frau that bore him forth." In between are such celebrities as Lady Godiva, Timour the Tartar, Sir Francis Drake, Robin Hood, who "poached the deer, and moistened his food with stolen beer," and many another. A particularly nice one is the verse about the King of Spain who said to Christopher Columbus, "Look! it 's plain the world is far from globular—apart from humps and lumps and bumps, It 's flat as a piece of cheese." The illustrations by Miss Rosalind Thornycroft—each poem gets a full page one to itself—are in the most gorgeously flamboyant style, great masses of simple blues and reds and greens and yellows, all splashed down in the most capitally energetic and vigorous style.

MR. J. M. SCOTT was a Cambridge "Rugger" Blue who, hearing casually that H. G. Watkins was contemplating a trip to Labrador, strolled into his rooms and, apparently in about fifteen seconds, arranged to go with him, and then strolled out again. On June 26, 1928, the expedition sailed. It had been joined by a third member, Mr. Leslie, who, at the not especially advanced age of twenty-eight,

Nancy Brysson Morrison, author of "The Gowk Storm," a novel published last month by Collins. She comes of a literary family, and has two previous novels to her credit

Howard Coster

H. M. Tomlinson, whose latest novel, which was published last week, is called "The Snows of Helicon" (Heinemann). This is a sequel to "All Our Yesterdays," and is an allegory

was seven years older than the other two. In *The Land That God Gave Cain* (Chatto and Windus; 12*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Scott has written a description of the expedition that is one of the best travel books I have read for years. They reached Labrador in July and at once plunged into one of the most insect-ridden countries in the world where "the mosquitoes and the black flies have divided the twenty-four hours between them; the black flies hunt by day and the mosquitoes by night." With these enjoyable companions they set out into the interior, travelling up a river that was almost unknown except that it contained many fast rapids. From that moment the fun, if it can by any stretch of the imagination be called fun, began. It ended about nine months later, after eight hundred miles had been travelled in canoes and small boats, often in fearful cold and discomfort. Truly, the explorer is a weird card. Mr. Scott draws a noble picture of Watkins, the brilliant young descendant-in-spirit of the men who made the Elizabethan voyages. It was a tragedy for England when Watkins was drowned, a year or two later, off the coast of Greenland. He had the real genius for leadership in him. The photographs in Mr. Scott's book are works of art, and there is an appendix at the end, all about weights of Bovril Pemmican and Plasmon powder, for the benefit of those about to cross Labrador or take a stroll round Greenland. With the fervent hope that I should only be wasting my time in a close study of these details, I skipped the appendix.

VICE-ADMIRAL E. R. G. R. EVANS seems to be a busy man. Simultaneously with his now celebrated march with marines and howitzers (the former mounted upon the gun-horses of the latter must have been a rather comical sight) into the interior of Africa, he has published a novel called *The Ghostly Galleon* (The Bodley Head; 6*s.*). But if the gallant Admiral's favourite weapon in real life is a howitzer, those of his characters are more old-fashioned, and a more goodly collection of rapiers, quarter-staves, cutlasses, flickering steel, rakish blades, and what-nots, stap me if I ever encountered. "Nights of witchery in the old lagoons, boys," and all that sort of stuff. Pirates in scarlet ships and top-sails in the Cays. Shall we leave it at that? I think so.

AND then, after retiring for a few moments to put on my log-rolling tweeds, I come to a children's book, *Roddy and Scuttle* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 6*s.*). Miss Eleanor Helme, so well known to readers of THE BYSTANDER, has written the words, and Miss Nance Paul has done the very charming black-and-white drawings. It is an ingeniously "placed" story, for it gets over the rather boring preliminary years of a boy's life by starting it off with the parent's return from India after two years' absence. So it all can begin, clear-cut and fresh. The lamentable exploits of the terrier Scuttle, and the adventures of Roddy, are told simply and gaily, and it is all so natural. The infernal little beasts are always up to some mischief, just as in real life, and yet they can't help being attractive. A jolly little book.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

ON the left is a loose three-quarter-length coat of beige broadtail from Debenhams' really lovely collection of furs. This coat can also be copied in caracul or nutria. On the right is a cocoa-dyed squirrel coat, worked diagonally to resemble sable, which has a matching collar of fox. This is one of several new models to be found at the City Fur Store, who are able to retail guaranteed furs at particularly reasonable prices. This coat is 59 guineas; with a plain collar of squirrel, 49 guineas. Any single fur will be sold at wholesale prices and a selection of their models can be sent on approval

F. J. Gutmann

Autumn

Scaioni Studios

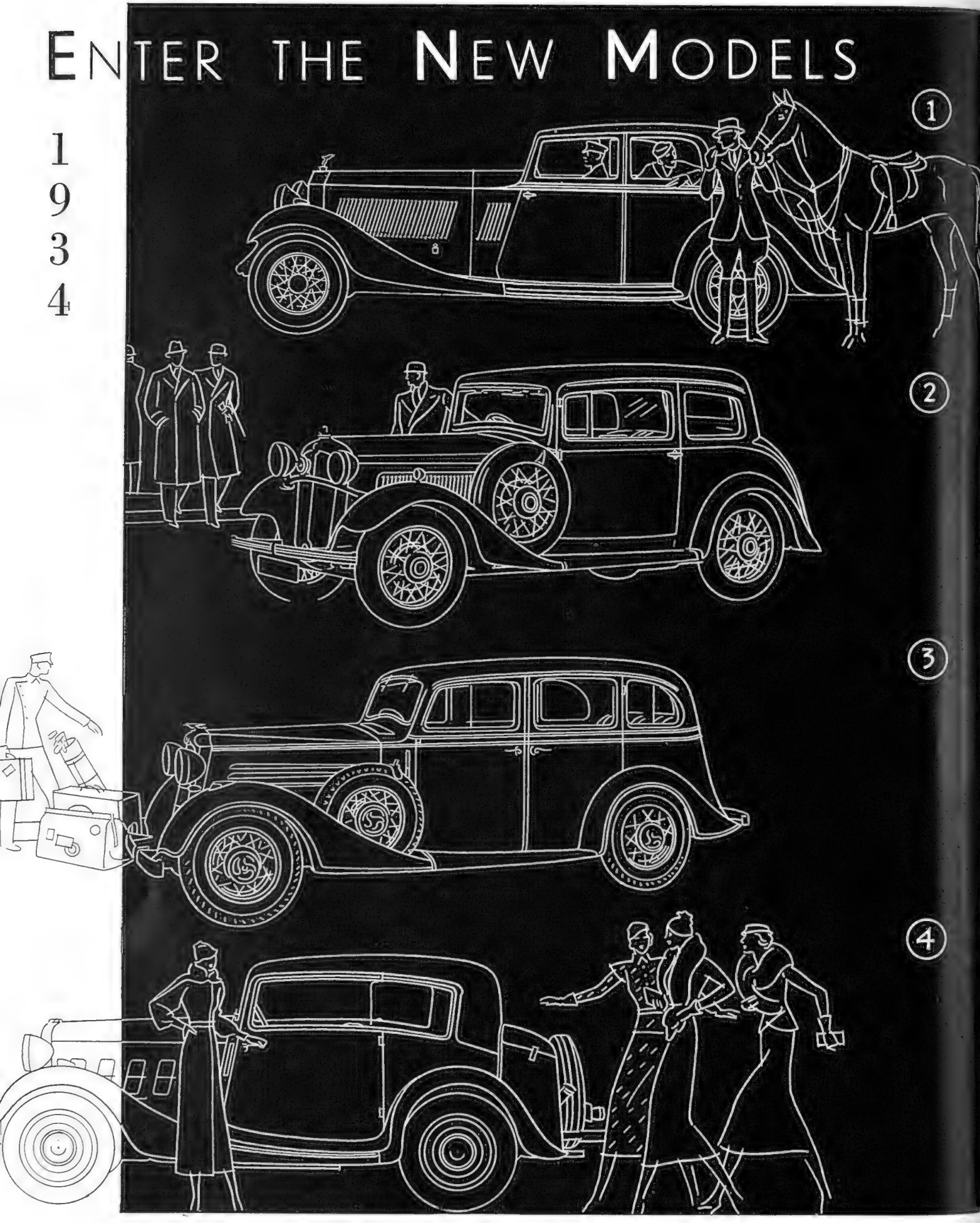
News

Elisabeth Ivimey

HATS this year are more than unexpected, and they can rise on the crown of your head, remain flat as a pancake over your eyes, can be extremely tailored and mannish, or coquettishly feathered—all just as you please. In the top left-hand corner of the opposite page you see Mrs. Constant Lambert, the wife of the conductor, looking enchanting in an amusing toque of velvet edged with Persian lamb which she found in the hat bar at H. J. Nicoll. In the photograph beneath is Mrs. Seton-Lloyd, looking more demure than usual because of a sweet pancake béret of beige velvet, which she has tipped correctly over her eyes, not over one ear. She wears it with a brown woollen dress and coat trimmed with brown Persian lamb, which is a Molyneux model from Richard Sands, where the hat is also to be found. Above, Miss Viola Keats, the new ingénue who is making such a success in John van Druten's "The Distaff Side," is seen in a dashing Robin Hood-ish hat of brown tweed through which a quill is thrust. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

ENTER THE NEW MODELS

1934

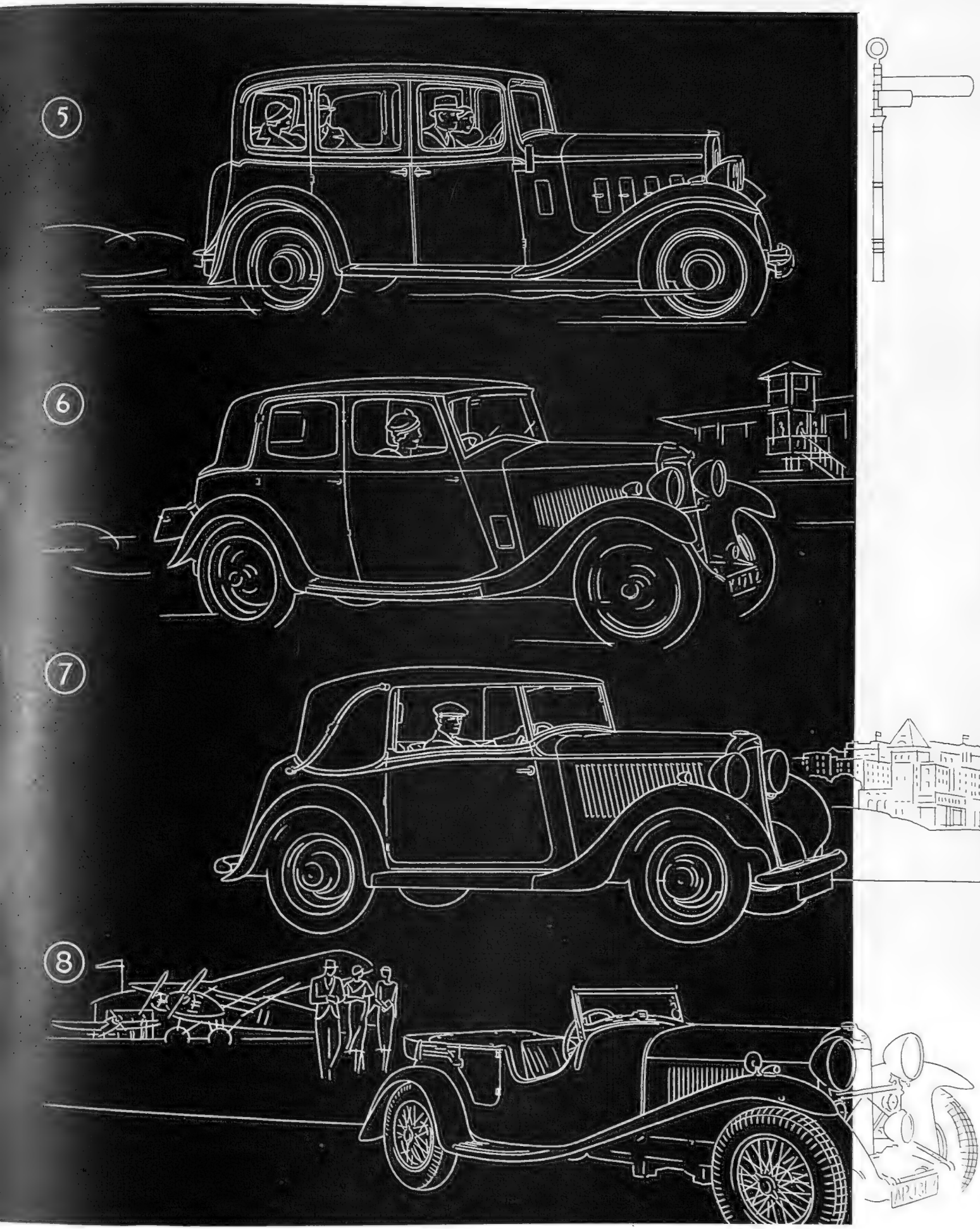


1. Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" Continental Touring Saloon

2. Morris-Cowley "Six" Special Coupé

3. Vauxhall 20-h.p. "Big Six" Saloon

4. Humber Twelve "Vogue" Saloon



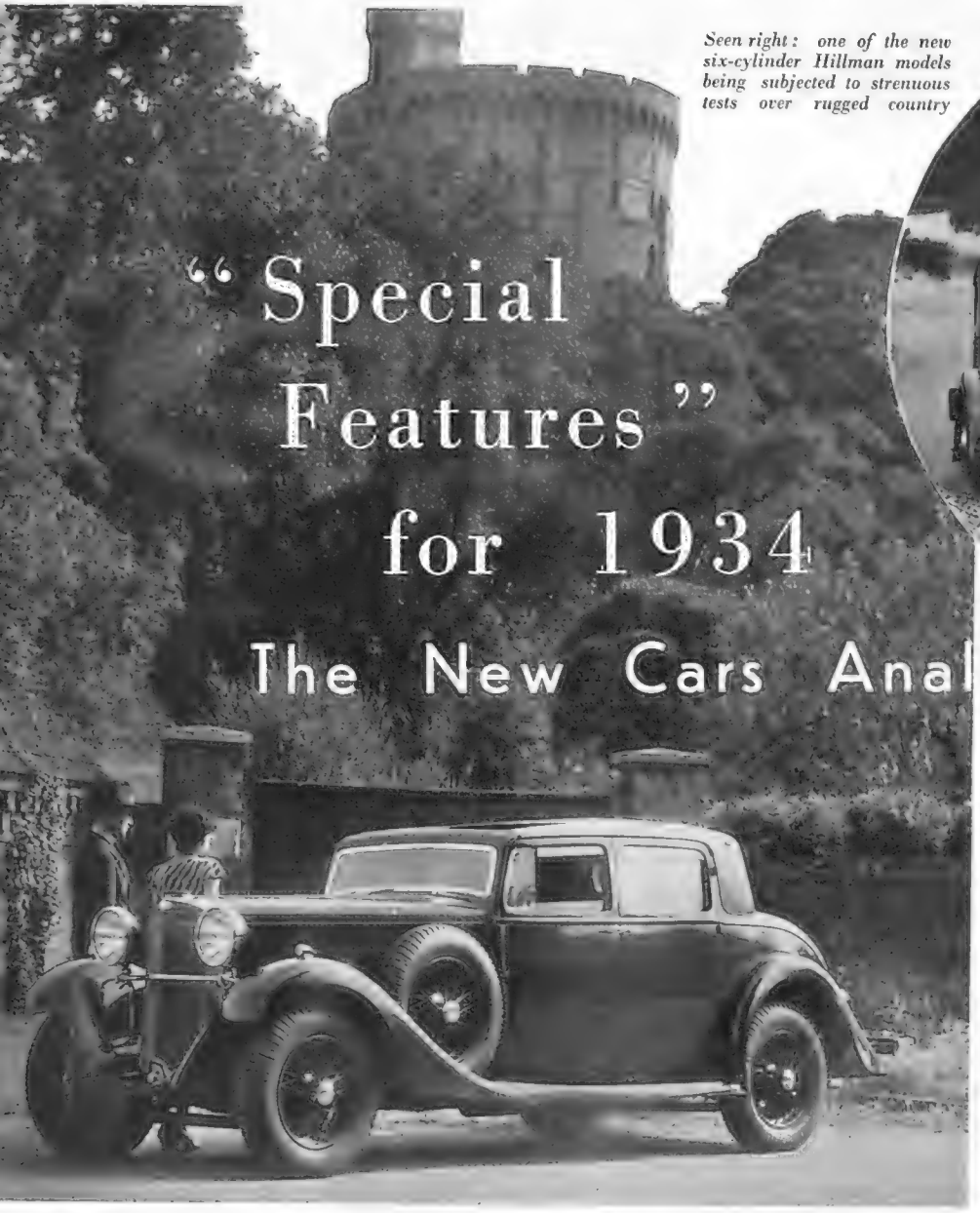
5. Austin Light Twelve-Six "Ascot" de Luxe Saloon

6. Riley 9-h.p. "Monaco" Saloon

7. Hillman "Minx" Foursome Drophead Coupé

8. Lagonda 4½-Litre Tourer

• BYSTANDER MOTOR SHOW SECTION



Seen right: one of the new six-cylinder Hillman models being subjected to strenuous tests over rugged country

"Special Features" for 1934

The New Cars Analysed: By the Earl of Cardigan

Rolls-Royce—Bentley—Humber—Hillman—Vauxhall—Austin—Morris—Lagonda—Riley—these famous marques pass under review, each with its outstanding characteristics for the coming year

A beautiful coupé designed for the Sunbeam "Twenty-five" chassis of "pillarless" construction, which is listed at the price of £375

WE live nowadays in an age of hustle—a state of affairs which the motor-car has done much to bring about, and by which almost every motorist is affected. Decisions are made more quickly; less time is taken for consideration, and for the weighing of pros and cons. If this is true in general, it certainly applies to the motoring industry in particular. The modern car purchaser no longer carefully studies the specifications of half-a-dozen different chassis: he is more liable to buy a car because some special feature of it happens to appeal to his individual liking.

Fortunately for him, this method of selection often proves quite as satisfactory as any other. The fact is, that nearly all new cars are now built on such sound lines as to guarantee at least a reasonable degree of efficiency, reliability, and comfort. If one is prepared to take so much for granted, one is surely fully justified in basing one's eventual choice on some peculiarly attractive "special feature."

Arguing thus, I recently circularised most of the leading manufacturers. To each I put this question: "*If there is one special feature, by virtue of which the public is likely to be attracted to your 1934 models, what, in your opinion, will that feature be?*" The answers received, together with a study of the special Motor Show catalogues now being issued, certainly provided some interesting results.

OCCASIONALLY, of course, I "drew a blank." The Rolls-Royce people, for instance, refused to admit that their cars possessed any individual feature of especial attractiveness. The view taken was that Rolls-Royce performance is based on a great number of carefully-balanced qualities, with no one virtue overtopping or outweighing the rest.

No doubt, in a sense, this is so—yet one can easily suggest a Rolls-Royce quality which has come very much to the fore in recent years. The modern Rolls is not only very easy to handle, but also remarkably simple to maintain. No longer does it make any demand for the skilled attention of a chauffeur. Indeed, with its efficient synchro-mesh gear-change, centralised lubrication, and unrivalled reputation for reliability, one may quote the 25-h.p. model as almost the ideal owner-driver's car. For its size, the 40-50-h.p. model is no less easily manageable, a permanent jacking system being an admirable recent addition to this chassis.

AS to the new Bentley, to which I have just been introduced, the chief of its many claims to attention is undoubtedly its combination of great speed and power with absolute docility. Its 3½-litre engine, except when the "cut-out" is open, is wonderfully quiet—yet its performance is very much that of a full-blooded sports model. Needless to say, it possesses a host of striking and attractive qualities, but it is by this feature—or rather, this almost unique combination of features—that it impresses itself on the keen motorist's imagination.

(*Continued on page* 90)

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● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

"Special Features" for 1934 *(continued)*

AMONG interesting replies to my query was one from the Humber-Hillman combine. Humber cars, as we all know, can boast an excellent all-round array of virtues. For the 1934 season, however, it is thought that the new gear-changing system will prove the greatest of attractions. This is a very significant pronouncement, and, incidentally, fits in with what I ventured to suggest a few weeks ago.

Everyone, I suppose, is now familiar with the popular synchro-mesh type of gear-box. This, while operating in the usual manner, ensures perfectly silent and easy engagement for two or more of the gear ratios. In Humber cars, a free-wheel is now added. The latter still further, if possible, simplifies gear-changing, and renders it unnecessary for the clutch to be used at all, except for starting from a standstill. In addition, the free-wheel enables the car automatically to "coast" down hills, except when the driver sees fit, by turning a knob, to render this device temporarily inoperative. The net result is a form of transmission which can hardly fail to appeal to a great many practical motorists.

The outstanding feature of the Hillman range, according to the same authority, will be the introduction of the two new "Sixes," the 20-70-h.p. and the 16-h.p. models. Both of these should prove popular, and both will have the special form of transmission already described. The "Minx," with slight alteration, is relied upon to continue its successful career.

THE "star" exhibit of the Vauxhall Company at Olympia is no doubt destined to be the new "Big Six," a 20-h.p. model which is distinctly sporting both in appearance and performance. (The smaller models were, of course, introduced earlier in the year.) All Vauxhalls have synchro-mesh gear-boxes, as is natural when one recalls that it was a car of this make which first popularised synchro-mesh transmission in this country. If I remember rightly, it was the former "Cadet" model which pointed the way, since so generally followed, towards the ideal of trouble-free gearing.

As regards construction, a very special feature of the new Vauxhalls is the No-draught ventilation system. This is something quite new, and of genuine value. Not only, as the name suggests, is direct draught excluded from the bodies of these cars; there is also a definite tendency for stale air to be drawn out at the same time as the current of fresh air discreetly enters. There is no denying that, with the approach of winter, this is a valuable contribution towards general comfort.

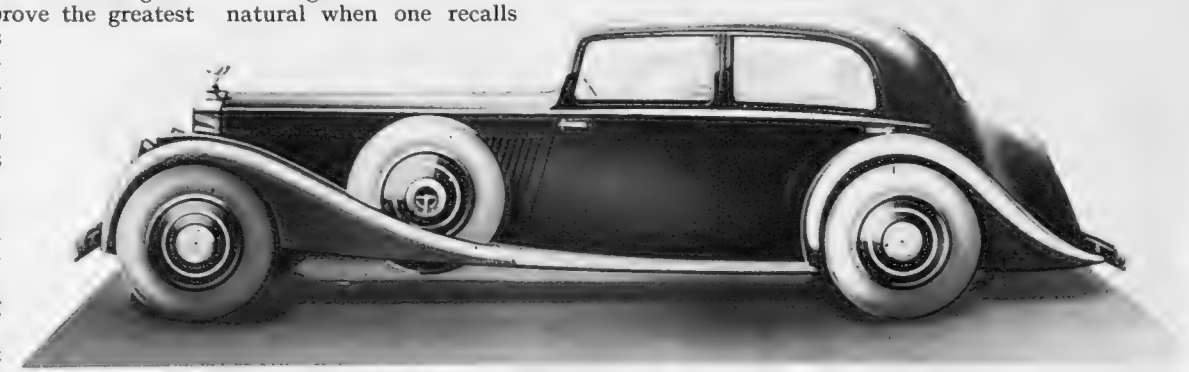
OF the Austin range of cars, perhaps the most striking feature is the immense number of different types available. There are, to commence with, many different chassis, and in several of these chassis alternative engines may be fitted. Then there are several sports models, so that altogether there is hardly a single recognised variety of car, between 7 and 20 h.p., which the Austin Company does not supply.

Another point to be specially noted is that all Austin cars are now fitted with synchro-mesh transmission. This is distinctly an event in the annals of motoring, since the adoption of a special gear-box by so large and practical a firm is evidence that such gearing must henceforth be regarded as normal, orthodox practice. The Austin Company caters essentially for "the man in the street"—and this individual must now become a synchro-mesh convert, if he was not so before.

TO put the matter beyond all possible doubt, synchro-mesh is a leading feature likewise of the new Morris cars. If any firm has shown itself resourceful in foreseeing what the average man is likely to appreciate, that firm is Morris Motors, Ltd. In a word, all the indications clearly point to 1934 as being a synchro-mesh year, in which the use of this particular gear will spread to an unprecedented extent.

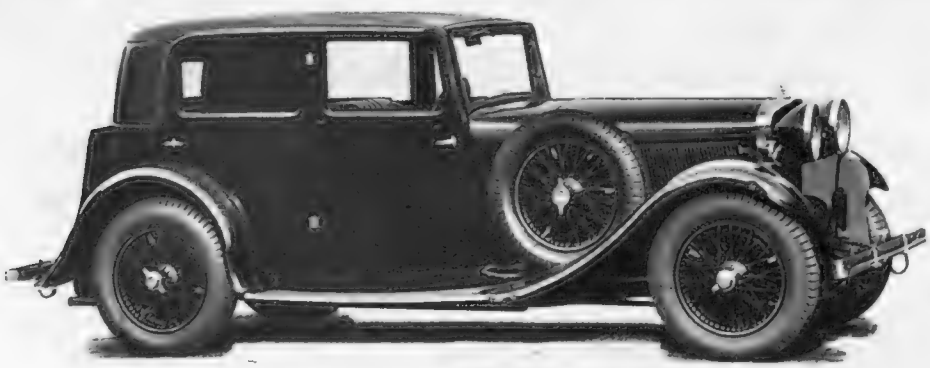
The Morris range of cars provides a further example also of the wide field which an enterprising manufacturer now seeks to cover. Very many different models will be exhibited at Olympia, and

(*Continued on page 92*)



A striking Continental touring saloon, with division, by Park Ward, 40, Conduit Street, W.1, on a 40-50 h.p. short wheelbase Rolls-Royce chassis with "F" steering

The new 3½-litre Bentley sports model, combines great speed and accelerating power with absolute docility and excellent road-holding qualities. The engine is quite silent, except when the cut-out is open



A Talbot "75" sports saloon is listed at £495, with a sliding-roof £7 10s. extra. Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., of 12, Princess Street, Hanover Square, W.1, are distributors for Talbot cars

Lagonda

BRITAIN'S THOROUGHBRED CAR

THE NEW 4½-LITRE

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● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

"Special Features" for 1934 *(continued)*

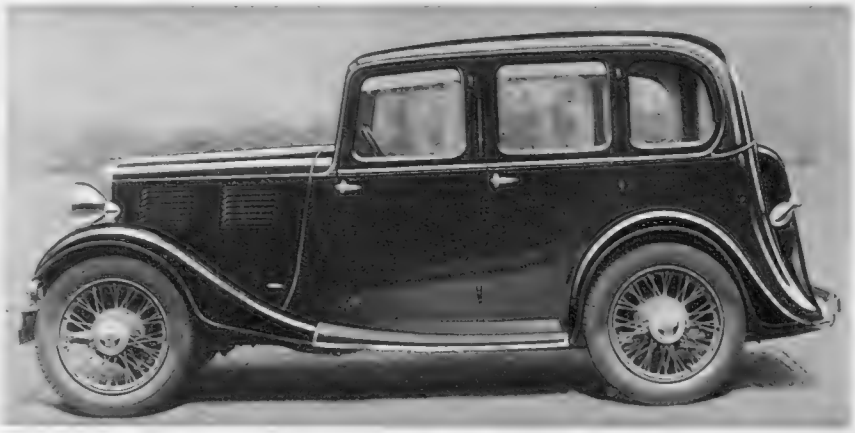
it may justly be said that there will be a Morris car for every purpose, varying between an 8-h.p. two-seater and a 25-h.p. saloon. Incidentally, the new Morris models are all distinguished by more than ordinary good looks.

THE Lagonda Company, on the other hand, makes a special feature of simplified transmission of a different sort. Lagonda cars are fitted with the very excellent pre-selective type of gear-box. This has many solid advantages, notably in that it provides a quick, silent and easy change into every one of the four gear ratios. An ordinary gear-lever, incidentally, is employed, rather than the short lever commonly fitted to the steering column. This form of control is very pleasant to use, and is, perhaps, especially suitable to a car which prides itself, justly, on being of genuinely sporting breed. Among the individual models of this make, it looks as if two are destined to share the first place in public interest. These, I fancy, will be the new 10-h.p. sports tourer, very attractive at £385 complete, and the big 4½-litre car—the latter a real speed model, capable of a three-figure maximum.

IN any Riley exhibit, certainly one of the most striking features must always be the good appearance of these cars. Rileys have an astonishingly consistent reputation for good looks, and the 1934 cars will in no way fall short of the usual high standard. As regards mechanical features, here, again, there will be something of interest to see in the matter of transmission. Certain models, on the 9, 12 and 14 h.p. chassis, will be equipped with the pre-selective type of gear-box, already well known, and recognised as being of benefit not only for traffic work, but also for high-speed hill-climbing.

As a further refinement, the Rileys will also have an automatic clutch. What details I have of this sound extremely interesting, and suggest that a hydraulic principle is employed, such as has previously been used with great success. If I am correct in this, the cars so fitted should provide a new and fascinating experience for 1934 Riley owners.

In a sense, I realise that this summary may have given the impression that gear-boxes will be the chief items of novelty and interest at Olympia. This, of course, would not be quite accurate. Certainly no motorist should fail to see what is being done in this direction, but there are many other points worth studying—infinitely more, indeed, than in a very brief review one can hope to touch upon.



The 1934 Standard "Ten" four-cylinder de luxe saloon, listed at £192, is equipped with all the latest features of the costliest car practice, including synchro-mesh in second, third, and top, combined with controlled free-wheeling

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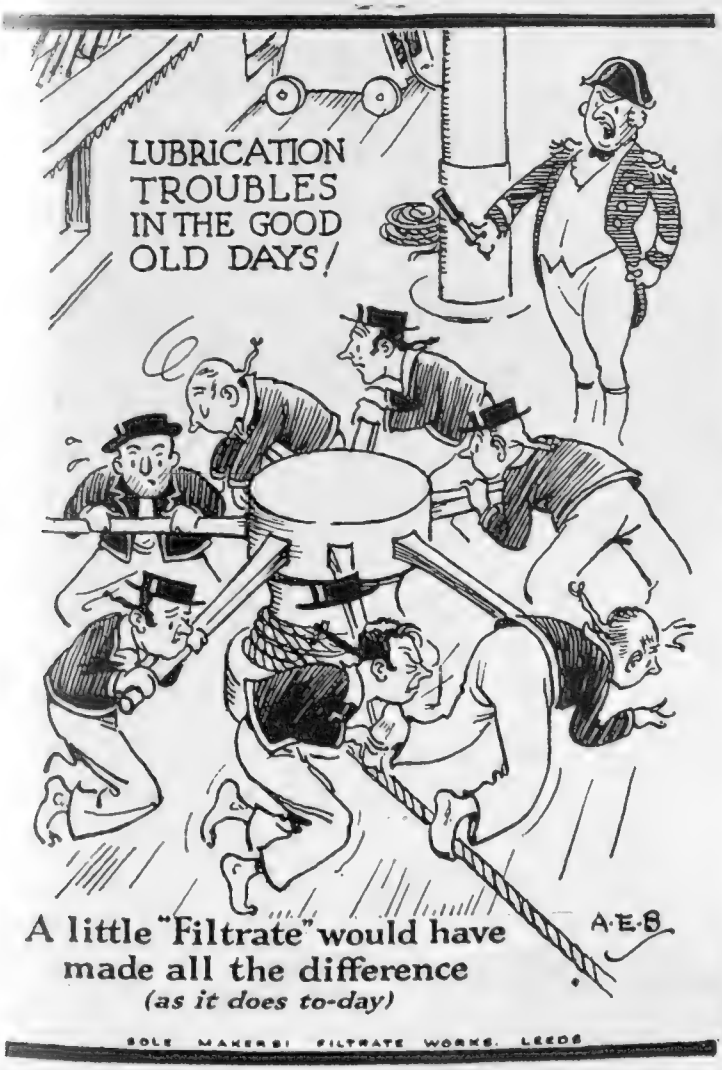

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FROM LIVERPOOL, 17TH JANUARY, 1934

"I am as plain a woman golfer—

as ever held up a men's foursome.

Anyway, it was rude to shout "Use "B P" Ethyl, and tread on it." I am sure it is against the rules to tread on your ball, and anyhow my name isn't Ethel. But they explained afterwards they meant that special kind of Ethyl that has British petrol in it; they use no other . . . they would as soon think of playing with a gutty ball."

Ask for "BP" ETHYL

(Not just "Ethyl")

● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Accessories which claim Attention

By The Earl of Cardigan

NATURALLY enough, in the eyes of many motorists the Olympia Show is primarily an exhibition of new cars, displaying the latest novelties in chassis and coachwork construction. In actual fact, however, it is much more than this. In the Gallery, and elsewhere, one may view also an unique concentration of all those accessories upon which the proper functioning of a motor-car depends. Petrol, oil, tyres—without its array of such commodities no Motor Show could claim to be complete, or truly representative of current motoring development.

Dunlops

The wise man, in his tour of the stands, will certainly not omit to study such an exhibit as that of the Dunlop Company. Here will be shown the latest improved examples of the Dunlop Fort, Standard, and Clipper tyres. A new production of special interest will be the Dunlop extra-low-pressure tyre, designed to promote the maximum of resilience and comfort. Many other motoring needs are likewise being catered for, and there will be a display of Dunlop wheels, jacks, pressure-gauges, and many other such aids to convenience and efficiency.

Shell-Mex

The Shell-Mex stand, apart from reminding us of the admirable Shell and B.P. fuels, is offering a special demonstration which I, at any rate, shall not fail to attend. Working models will be shown, both of the Wilson pre-selective gearbox and of the Daimler fluid flywheel. These are unquestionably among the most interesting of recent motoring inventions, and the working of them is by no means well understood by the average person. A visual demonstration should prove especially helpful to anyone who has the ambition to discover exactly "what makes the wheels go round" in the modern transmission system.

Wakefield

For all items of service and garage equipment, the Wakefield stand is one which must invite attention. A very wide range of such exhibits will be on view. To the ordinary motorist, of course, C. C. Wakefield and Co. are best known as the proprietors of the famous Castrol oils, and, in this connection, lubrication charts for all makes of cars will be given away gratis to those who are interested.

Anglo-American

On the Anglo-American Oil Company's stand, the chief exhibit will be specimens of the new Essolube oil. This, as is well known, has proved itself highly successful, and strikes a novel note by being sold to the public in sealed glass bottles. Although only recently introduced, it already commands a very wide and growing sale. This company, of course, is also responsible for the well-known grades of Pratt's petrol, including the Ethyl, High Test, and Benzole Mixture varieties.

Filtrate

The exhibit of Filtrate oils should also be visited. Here, again, a pre-selective gearbox will be demonstrated, running in special S.C. Filtrate oil. A new system of supplying Petrolyte upper-cylinder lubricant will likewise be shown. This consists of a neat cabinet, from which sufficient lubricant to treat two gallons of fuel may be drawn at the modest rate of a penny per measure. Upper-cylinder lubrication is a matter which the thoughtful motorist would do well to study.

Just part of this marvellous PEAK performance

HOW these Riley cars are organised! You can, if you like, and while you are driving, adjust your brakes—hand and foot, lubricate all chassis points by one-shot lubrication from the steering column, or adjust the driving seat. You are passing the big car on the road, paying less tax, taking as many passengers just as comfortably, running at half the cost and undergoing nothing like the same depreciation. Are you "horse-power proud"? The Riley owner is quietly smiling at you several miles further on.

The 9 h.p. from £298. 6 cyl. 12 h.p. from £348. 6 cyl. 14 h.p. from £375. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. New model details from Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry, and 42 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

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Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

The English Championship

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THIS is being a most amazing and wonderful Championship, and whoever wins it, whether Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Dorothy Pearson, or Miss Mary Beard (I am assuming that these three are the most likely survivors out of the last eight who are still alive at the moment of writing), will have struck a stout blow for the young golfer. Which is altogether wholesome and delightful.

First of all, the County finals must be dealt with. Yorkshire, you know, won, but only after tieing with Essex with two wins and one loss each, tieing again with thirteen individual wins, replaying with Essex, and then winning decisively by 5 to 2. When Essex beat Yorkshire 5 to 2 that first afternoon, everybody made up their minds that nothing could stop the Shield coming back into the south-eastern division. The Press as good as declared it certain; Mrs. Tamworth, who was to present the Shield, wrote out her speech with Essex as its subject; a rival county, defeated by Essex in divisional matches, was even so previous as to wire congratulations to them. All reckoned without stout-hearted Warwickshire, who set to the next morning and defeated Essex by 4 to 3. Yorkshire, meantime, were beating Glamorgan by 6 to 1, and so everybody's plans for returning home, visiting Clovelly, sailing at Instow, bathing in the deep-blue sea, or sleeping, were altogether upset, and, instead, we tramped round again, watching Yorkshire turn the tables on Essex by the very 5 to 2 by which they had been beaten before. It was great work. Miss Mary Johnson came out of it all with particularly flying colours, for she was unbeaten in all four matches, accounting for Mrs. Garon twice, Miss Barbara Pyman and Miss Fyshe. Mrs. Swinscoe, at the top of the Yorkshire team, had a harder row to hoe; she defeated Miss Jestyn Jeffreys only, putting up fine fights against Mrs. Peppercorn and Miss Garnham. Miss Garnham won all hers, except against Mrs. Peppercorn, who who gave a perfect exhibition of cool courage and great putting to beat her 3 and 2.

Devon—not its climate, but its Champion—provided one of the major thrills of the Monday, for Miss Powell-Williams took Miss Garnham to the nineteenth hole, and since Miss Garnham was one of the two British International teamsters playing, there was some sense in supposing that she might go a long way. Championship medals in this country, though, have a strange way of evading Miss Garnham, and though she escaped with a shaking against Miss Powell-Williams and Mrs. R. H. Deane, Miss Jean Hamilton and the missing of a tiny putt on the eighteenth were too much for her on the Wednesday. It was sad that Miss Hamilton, after so heroic a deed, should die in the next round, but then Miss Mary Lake, who beat her, is one of Sussex's steadiest players, as well as a holder of our Autumn Foursomes.

Tuesday saw the dismissal of the other Internationalist and favourite, Miss Wanda Morgan, by Miss Dorothy Pearson, who did it by playing golf so impressive that not a few said they were reminded of Miss Wethered. The way she rolled in the putts almost deluded you into thinking that nothing could be easier than to hit a three-yarder straight into the back of the hole. It was grand. Then there was the excitement of the lady in black trousers, with one club, which shook the Championship to the core, and made Miss Nancy Halsted a veritable heroine for keeping her head and scoring a very creditable win against her.

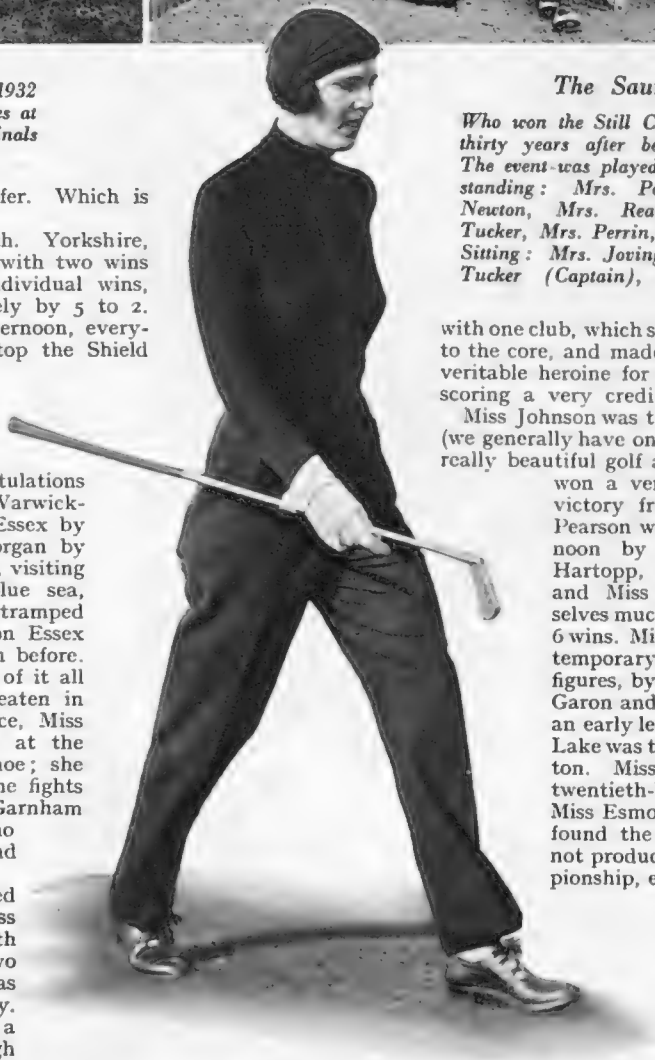
Miss Johnson was the Wednesday's heroine (we generally have one a day), for she played really beautiful golf against Miss Winn, and won a very fine nineteenth-hole victory from Mrs. Clarke. Miss Pearson was shaken in the afternoon by Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, but Miss Mary Beard and Miss Halsted saved themselves much walking by their 7 and 6 wins. Miss Hern, who had been a temporary heroine, with amazing figures, by reason of beating Mrs. Garon and Miss Mary Peech, lost an early lead to Miss Wade. Miss Lake was the slayer of Miss Hamilton. Miss Fyshe had her second twentieth-hole win of the day, and Miss Esmond, who seems to have found the form which she could not produce in the Girls' Championship, earned much kudos by beating Mrs. Guedalla in the morning, 6 and 4, and following that up with a win in the afternoon from Miss Robertson. And here I must leave you, with every promise of a fine day to-morrow and fine golf.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Mary Johnson, Yorkshire's young 1932 Champion, playing a shot out of the rushes at Westward Ho! in the Ladies' Golf Union Finals

The Saunton Team

Who won the Still Cup for the first time in thirty years after being thrice runners-up. The event was played at Saunton. L. to r., standing: Mrs. Perrin (reserve), Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Read, Miss Amy Pitts Tucker, Mrs. Perrin, Miss Risdon (reserve). Sitting: Mrs. Jovings, Miss Barbara Pitts Tucker (Captain), and Miss A. Carter



Miss Gloria D. Minoprio (Littlestone), who played with only one club in the English Women's Championship. Her style of dress, as seen above, was also out of the common

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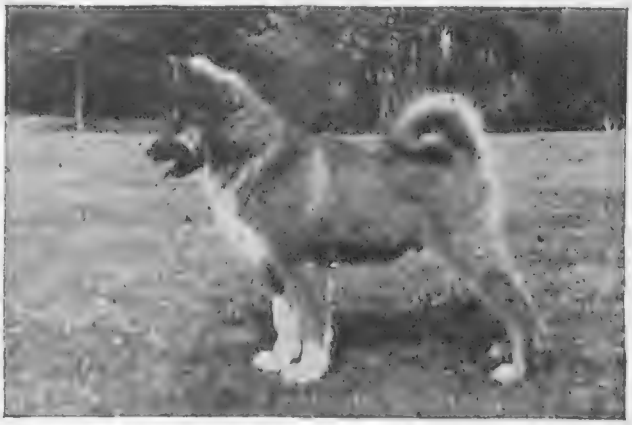
The Doggy World

The Kennel Club Show

By Lady Kitty Ritson



Andy of Tulchan is a four-months-old Finnish Spitz puppy belonging to Lady Kitty Ritson, who is one of the staunchest supporters of this very attractive breed, as yet all too rare in England

TO-DAY and to-morrow you can go to the Crystal Palace and see what is probably the most representative show in the world, that held by the English Kennel Club. There is nothing quite like it, for importance and prestige, in the dog world. Visitors come from far away to see how their favourite breeds are progressing, and they generally leave having purchased several new dogs. England does a huge trade in pedigree dogs, and thousands of pounds are paid into her coffers annually from dog-breeders in other countries.

I advise you to jump on to a train at Victoria, and to proceed to the Crystal Palace, if only for half an hour, for it will amuse you, and who knows but that by next year you may be exhibiting a dog of your own. I have exhibited at shows for years, and there is something fascinating about it which prevents you ever quite giving it up. You should do it in moderation, for it is not the people who go wildly from show to show who are the most successful, or who enjoy themselves most. Indeed, that type generally give up at the end of a year or two. Rather be one of the exhibitors and breeders with a few, or even one very good dog, who do it for the fun of the thing, and whose interest in dogs does not prevent them from appreciating the other aspects of life.

"DOGGY" women are, thank goodness, a thing of the past. You have only to look at Mrs. Manooch, in her beautiful clothes and with her lovely figure, showing a team of Chows, or Lady Howe, with her delicate, serene face, leading a Champion Labrador, to realise that you can show dogs without forgetting to cultivate your mind and your body. If you treat it as what it should be, a very pleasant hobby, you will enrich your life; if you make a business of it, you will find it to be sordid and disappointing. This does not mean that it cannot be made to pay. Mrs. Manooch sold Ch. Choonam Brilliantine to America for £800, and dogs of various breeds have changed hands for hundreds of pounds. But don't make it your whole existence.

At any rate, visit the Kennel Club Show, for it is an essentially British institution. You can take your choice amongst the foreign breeds, or you can stick to the old English dogs, such as bloodhounds and mastiffs. You can amuse yourself searching for the Lhassa terriers and the Lion dogs, or you can even look for Finsie and me amongst the Finnish Spitz. You will see the Alsatians going round and round the ring, although, as Miss Workman is judging, there will not be the same "scenic" effects as would prevail with a foreign judge. You can dally at the Scottish deerhounds' benches, those aristocrats of the canine world, who are almost as civilised as human beings, and who, centuries ago, were exchanged as worthy presents between kings and princes.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful : By "Maquillage"

"SET FAIR"

Practical Answers to Questions About How to Keep the Hair Perfectly Waved and Set

HAIRDRESSING has reached a high standard of perfection and is of supreme importance. No girl or woman with the faintest pretensions to chic or interest in fashions or her own appearance is satisfied unless her hair is beautifully groomed, waved and set. Permanent waving and the development of the art of water-waving have revolutionised hairdressing, and women's ideas in regard to it. It seems incredible that, not many years ago, women frizzed and crimped their hair, back-combed it and wore pads to puff it out! Nowadays, the sleek, well-waved or softly curled heads one sees on all sides are really a joy to look at. But they don't just happen! They represent the expenditure of time and money, as well as the application of good taste and ingenuity.

THE question of the cost of a smart head per annum is one that necessarily exercises the minds of many women. Women of all classes and purses now look upon a periodical visit to the hairdresser to have their hair washed and set and cut (if it is worn short) as an essential investment, and most of them are clever enough with their fingers and combs to keep their heads looking attractive and soigné. But if one has the kind of hair that easily becomes flat, or which is thick and unruly and liable to rebel against formal setting, it is very

disheartening to see the good work done by an expert quickly disappear.

WHATEVER kind of hair you have, it is really quite simple to maintain and readjust your waves and curls so that a good setting lasts for a considerable time—*if you know how!*

AS I have explained in a previous article, thorough brushing and combing will not harm any wave; in fact, by keeping the strands of hair in the lines in which they were set, brushing improves and assists the wave. At night, after brushing, the hair should be carefully set back into place and then a "Ladye Jayne" Slumber Cap should be put over it to keep it from getting "tousled" during sleep. I specify the "Ladye Jayne" sleeping net because these are really standardised *specialities*, designed to fit the head perfectly and comfortably, and particularly efficient, since they do not slip. Another advantage is that they are decorative and becoming, made of silken mesh or lace in a variety of colours to match nightgowns or bed-room wraps.

If you wish to emphasise your waves in the morning or curl up "side pieces," the same firm provides invaluable and ingenious wave-clips and curl-clips. The wave-clips have little metal teeth and, pressed on to the edge of the desired wave, hold it in place and re-set it automatically, while, if you twist the strands of hair you want to curl round your finger and set them in position with the curl-clips, a soft and charming curl will result. These little contrivances will do their work while you are carrying out your usual toilet in the morning. Their effect will be enhanced if you first spray the hair with a little setting lotion.

THE LADYE JAYNE wave and curl clips are a particular boon during that depressing period when a permanent wave has *nearly* grown out, but the hair is not quite ready for a new one; or, if for any reason—travel, a sojourn in the country, or through illness—one is temporarily parted from one's pet hairdresser. In any case, they make it easy to keep one's "setting" in perfect shape for considerably longer than would otherwise be possible, and those who are clever at hairdressing can even set their own hair after shampooing at home, with the help of these little clips.

MASTERS OF HOUNDS!

are earnestly requested to arrange for Caps to be taken at Meets on or nearest to

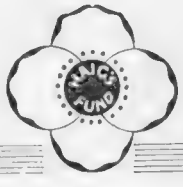
REMEMBRANCE DAY

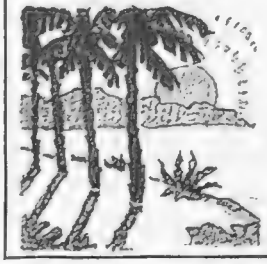
SATURDAY, NOV. 11.

For the benefit of distressed ex-Servicemen and their dependants. Any collections may be ear-marked for the assistance of local cases of distress amongst the ex-Service community.

Further information will be gladly supplied by Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S (British Legion) APPEAL FUND, 18, SOUTH STREET, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1.

THIS APPEAL HAS THE SUPPORT OF THE PRINCIPAL M.F.H. ASSOCIATIONS.





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WHY

DO MEN LOOK YOUNGER

THAN WOMEN

?

It 's no good burying one's nose in one's powder-puff and behaving like an ostrich. Facts have to be faced. The average man of thirty looks a mere boy, while the average woman—well, she looks a woman of thirty. Yet men don't care a pin about youthful appearance, and women spend daily sessions in an attempt to preserve it. What 's the explanation ? It isn't very difficult to find.

Mr. Can is a whole think far more about general fitness than women. In fact, there are plenty of Mr. Cans in this world but far too few Mrs. Cans. You know Mr. Can, of course. He's the virile, optimistic, perennially young type of man you're always reading about in the Eno advertisements. Inner cleanliness is his creed. He knows that a neglected " inside " poisons the whole body - clouds the mind, dulls the eyes and makes every muscle flabby. And he guards against it in the sanest, safest and surest way—by taking a glass of sparkling Eno's " Fruit Salt " every morning. The gentle, natural action of Eno banishes all poisons before they have time to do any harm—enlivens and refreshes the whole system daily.

If only women would look after themselves as religiously as Mr. Can ! If only the Mrs. Can'ts would forget cleansing creams for a bit and think about cleanliness within ! If only they'd put themselves on Eno !

Almost at once eyes begin to brighten, skin becomes clearer, hair gains new life. The very first day you start the new regime your body seems lighter. And, perfectly freed from all that clogging waste each day, it does, in fact, grow lighter. You not only look younger, but you feel younger, too !

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—for the sleek, trim mode of to-day is mercilessly revealing of too-plump hips or roll of fat about the waist. Confine your figure if you will—but why not massage away " fat spots " for good—with the convenient "Neda " Massager ?

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Thirty spoons are awarded in each Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

September Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Fletcher	Blackpool Park	79	15	64	74	10 below
Miss R. Hadfield	Bramhall	81	15	66	75	9 ,,
Miss M. Mellis	Cruden Bay	79	10	69	77	8 ,,
Miss B. Chippindale ..	Bradford	79	13	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. F. P. Mills	Gosforth	82	15	67	75	8 ,,
Miss D. F. Snook	Notts Ladies'	74	4	70	77	7 ,,
Mrs. A. B. Maclean ..	Chevin	78	10	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. G. Pooley	La Moye	79	16	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. Tolson	Tamworth	83	17	66	73	7 ,,
Miss M. B. Bolton	Cavendish	81	13	68	74	6 ,,
Miss Nora A. Cleland ..	Walsall	83	13	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. Sands	Coventry	82	14	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. W. P. Besley	Stanmore	84	15	69	75	6 ,,
Miss A. Wilson	Alnmouth	88	17	71	77	6 ,,
Miss Jean Butler	Pitlochry	87	18	69	75	6 ,,
Miss E. M. S. Arkell ..	Parkstone Ladies'	75	6	69	74	5 ,,
Mrs. Trevor Lean	Newquay	78	9	69	74	5 ,,
Miss Margaret Brennan ..	West Bowling	79	13	66	71	5 ,,
Miss P. Handley	Huddersfield	88	16	72	77	5 ,,
Miss Kate Gooseman ..	Grimsby	87	17	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Charles C. Whitelock	Wetherby	85	17	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. M. Harris	Alderley Edge	87	18	69	74	5 ,,
Miss J. Sass	Fishan	84	18	66	71	5 ,,
Mrs. P. R. Bolton	Moor Park	76	5	71	75	5 ,,
Miss Eileen Oakey	Nuneaton	75	9	66	70	4 ,,
Miss M. Sidney	Oakdale	81	9	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. A. Wallwin	Leamington	82	14	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. M. A. Hunt	Tamworth	83	14	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. H. Johnson	Beverley	82	14	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. Boon	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	87	15	72	76	4 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. M. Smith	Burton-on-Trent	91	32	59	72	13 below
Mrs. K. Smethurst ..	Clayton	84	24	60	72	12 ,,
Miss Sonia Swinburne Johnson	Exeter	86	23	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. Killey	Ringway	93	30	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. M. Hill	West Bowling	96	36	60	71	11 ,,
Miss N. M. Barnard ..	Beverley	87	25	62	72	10 ,,
Mrs. Tolley	Oakdale	91	25	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. F. H. Garside	Dore and Totley	91	28	63	73	10 ,,
Miss L. Ruscoe	Bloxwich	91	28	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. M. Mostyn	Sale	95	31	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. G. White	Reddish Vale	96	32	64	74	10 ,,
Miss Clarice Singleton ..	Yeovil	100	36	64	74	10 below
Mrs. L. R. Farrow	Retford	85	22	63	72	9 ,,
Miss Mary Crowther ..	Huddersfield	94	26	68	77	9 ,,
Miss M. V. Wildblood ..	West Kent	97	28	69	78	9 ,,
Mrs. W. Fairhurst	Wigan	90	29	61	70	9 ,,
Mrs. R. B. Brydall	Old Manchester	92	29	63	72	9 ,,
Mrs. E. L. Williamson ..	Burton-on-Trent	92	29	63	72	9 ,,
Mrs. F. A. Barnes	North Shore Skegness ..	97	31	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. H. W. Holt	Bulwell Hall L.G.C. ..	94	33	61	70	9 ,,
Miss Gladys Saggers ..	Royal Blackheath	99	34	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. Wigginton	Lymm	96	35	61	70	9 ,,
Miss Peirson	Hockley	85	21	64	72	8 ,,
Miss M. I. Houseman ..	Willesley Park	95	26	69	77	8 ,,
Miss M. Beecroft	Radcliffe-on-Trent ..	89	27	62	70	8 ,,
Miss E. Roberts	Kirkby Municipal	101	31	70	78	8 ,,
Miss G. Tinmouth	Harton Moor	95	31	64	72	8 ,,
Miss B. Nickson	Blackpool	99	31	68	76	8 ,,
Miss Barbara Whaley ..	Dudley	97	31	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. A. E. Aizlewood ..	Rotherham	102	36	66	74	8 ,,

"The Bystander" Cruise

The fourteenth of the twenty "Bystander" cruise photographs, taken during the Red star liner, s.s. Lapland's, call at Madeira. The passenger circled, when she discovers herself, gets a lucky guinea if she writes to claim it, giving name and address

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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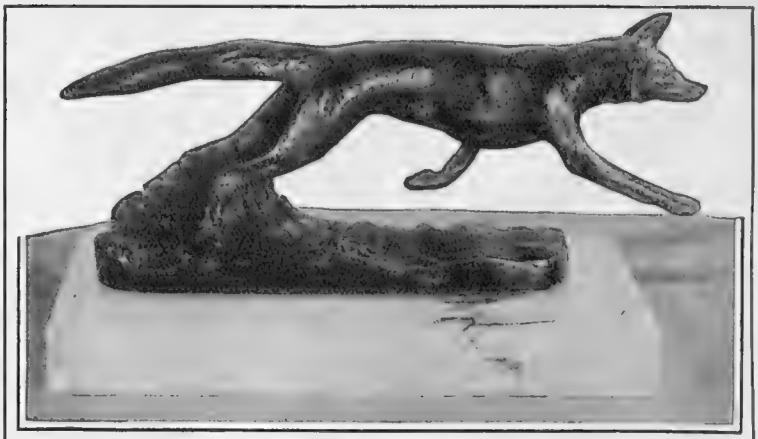

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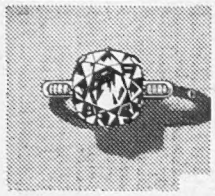

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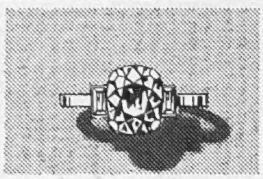

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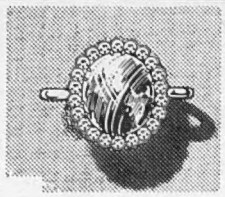

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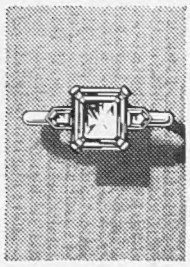

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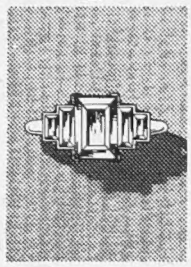
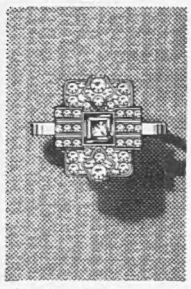


Sapphire & Diamond
£110

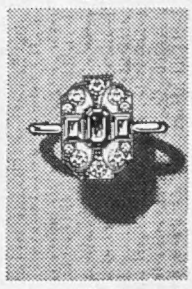
Ruby & Diamond
£50

Emerald & Diamond
£48

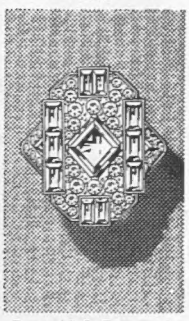


Sapphire & Diamond
£24

Illustrated Catalogue gladly sent on request



Emerald & Diamond
£34

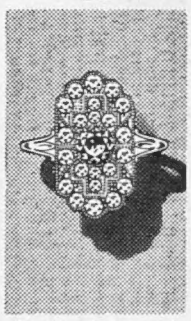


Emerald & Diamond
£200

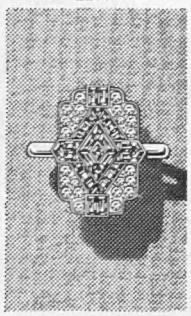
The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

112 REGENT ST LONDON, W.1

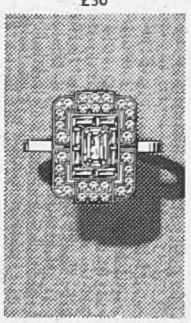
(At the corner of Glasshouse Street) No other address



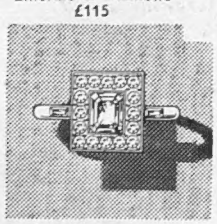
Sapphire & Diamond
£30



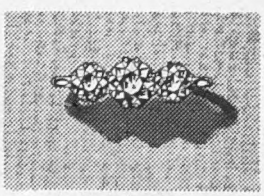
Emerald & Diamond
£115



Sapphire & Diamond
£36



Diamond
£75



Diamond
£150

Jade & Diamond
£15

By Appointment

By Appointment

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—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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FOURTH YEAR

Holder: C. J. Anderson

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(Free practice day, Saturday, Oct. 28).

DIVISION I

Single figure handicaps. BRANKSOME CHALLENGE CUP: 36 and 18 holes scratch and handicap prizes. FERNDOWN COURSE.

DIVISION II

Double figure handicaps. BRANKSOME TOWER TROPHY. 36 and 18 holes handicap and additional events. PARKSTONE COURSE.

(By kind permission of the Committees)

ENTRIES to the Editor, *Golf Illustrated, 28 Woburn Place, W.C.1,* not later than first post October 23rd. Intending competitors are advised to reserve accommodation as early as possible.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

(See page 74).

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"If there were a better oil than Wakefield Castrol I should use it"

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11th October, 1933

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